

60¢

229  
JUNE  
02457

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

NOTHING  
CAN STOP THE  
JUGGERNAUT!

TM



STAN LEE PRESENTS THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN A LIFE-OR-DEATH BATTLE!

# NOTHING CAN STOP THE JUGGERNAUT!

IT BEGAN AS  
A DREAM...IT  
BECAME A  
NIGHTMARE!

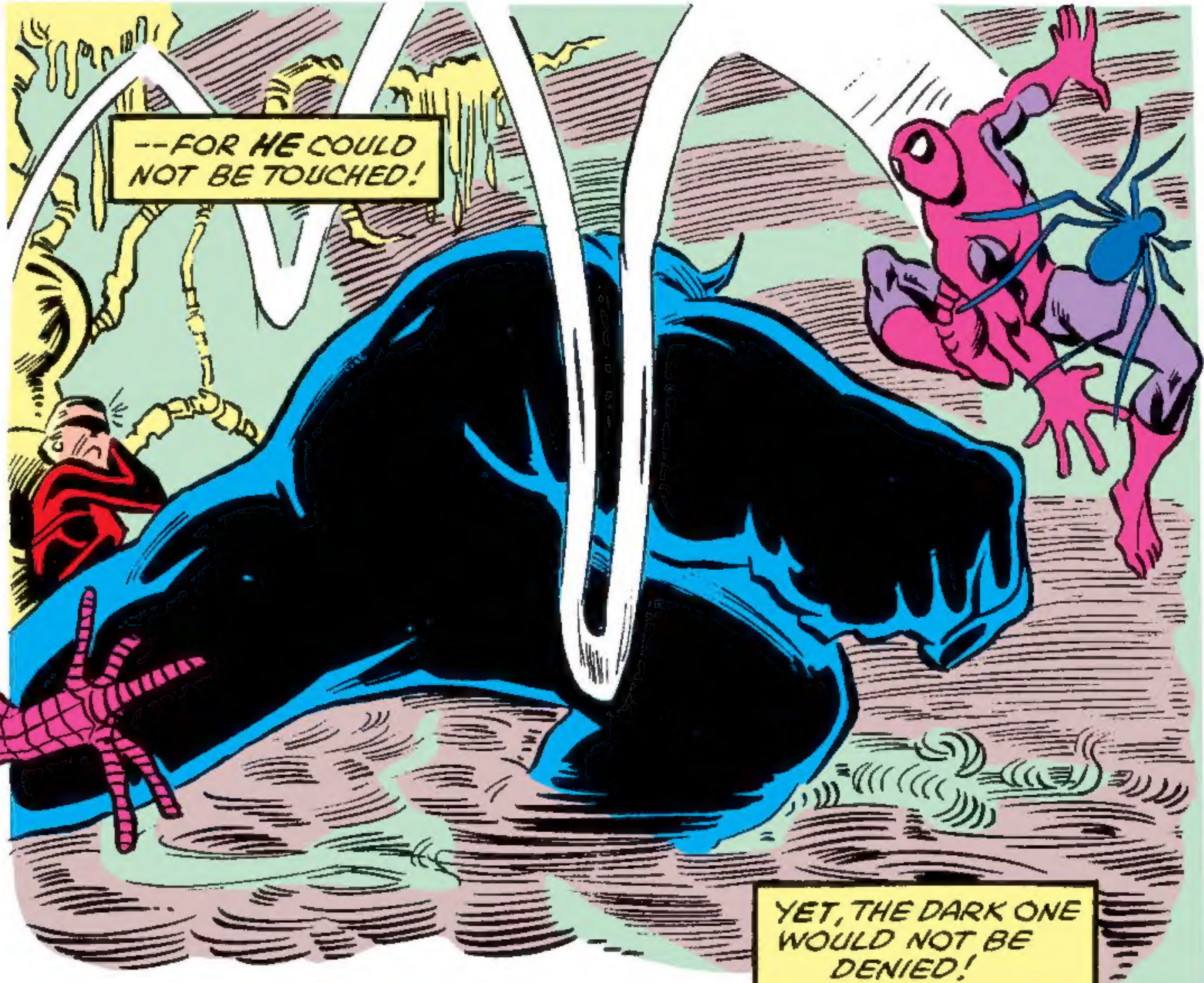
FROM OUT OF NOWHERE  
CAME THE **DARK ONE**,  
SMASHING EVERYTHING  
IN HIS PATH! THE YOUNG,  
SPIDERY CHAMPION  
SPRANG TO THE RESCUE  
...BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

AND THE DREAMER  
CLUNG DESPERATELY  
TO LIFE...TOTALLY  
HELPLESS...UNABLE  
TO EVEN SCREAM!

ROGER STERN WRITER  
JOHN ROMITA JR. & ARTISTS  
JIM MOONEY  
JOE ROSEN LETTERER  
GLYNIS WEIN COLORIST  
TOM DEFALCO EDITOR  
JIM SHOOTER DREAM ANALYST

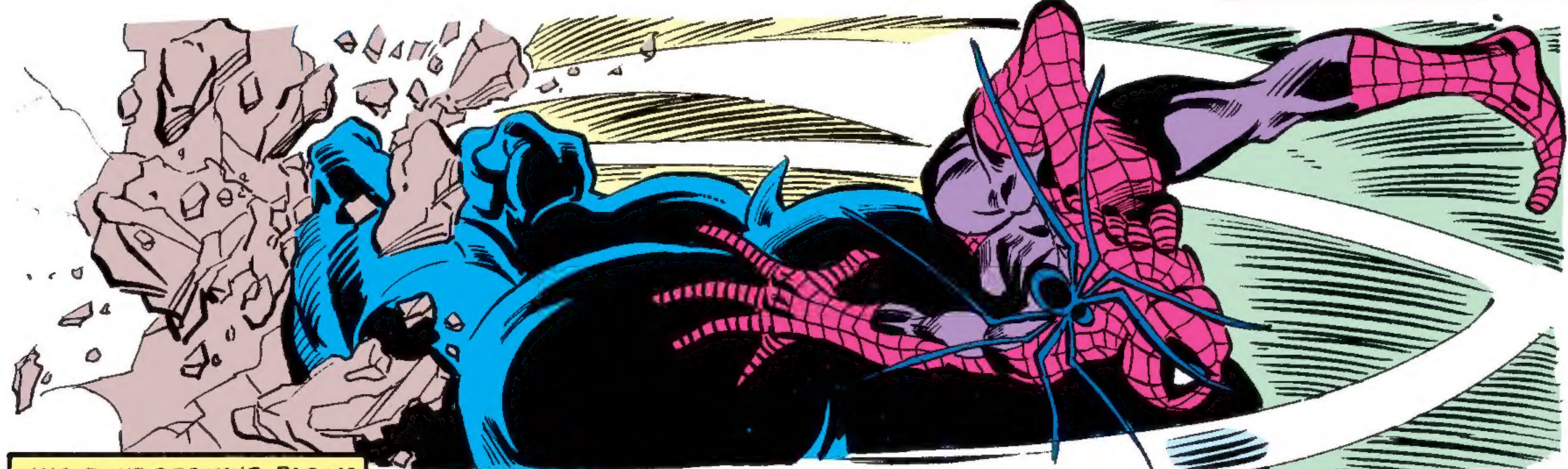


THEY ALL KNEW THAT THE DARK ONE'S TOUCH MEANT DEATH! BUT THE CHAMPION STILL LEAPT TO THE DEFENSE--

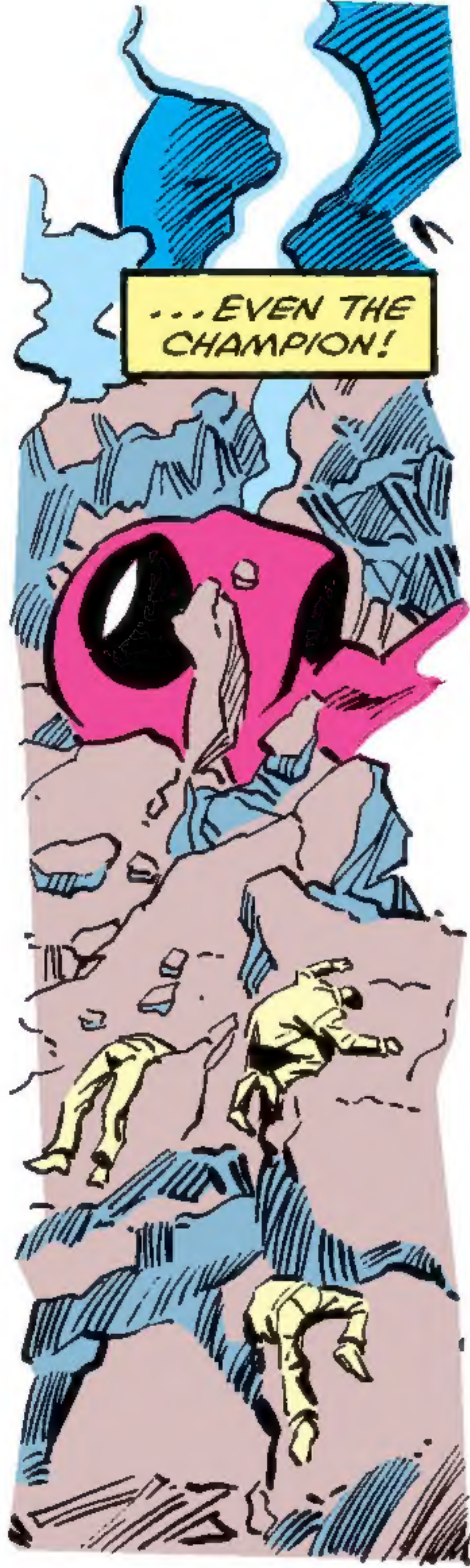
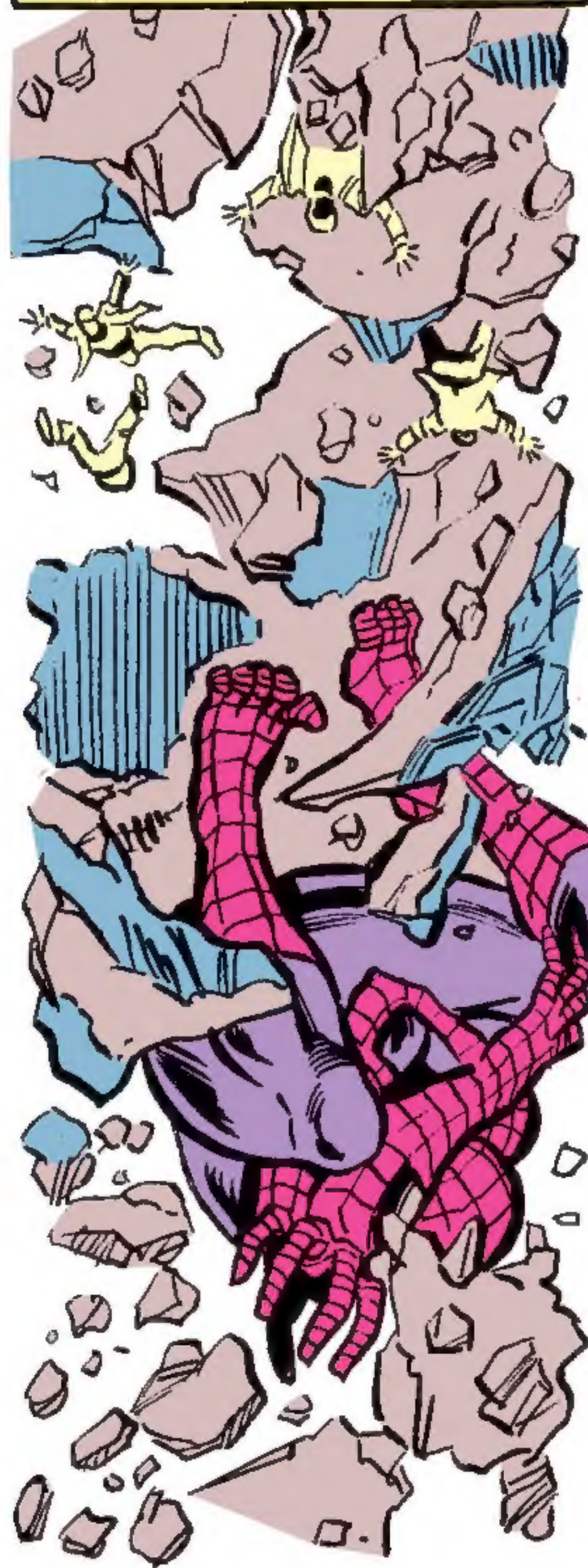


--FOR HE COULD NOT BE TOUCHED!

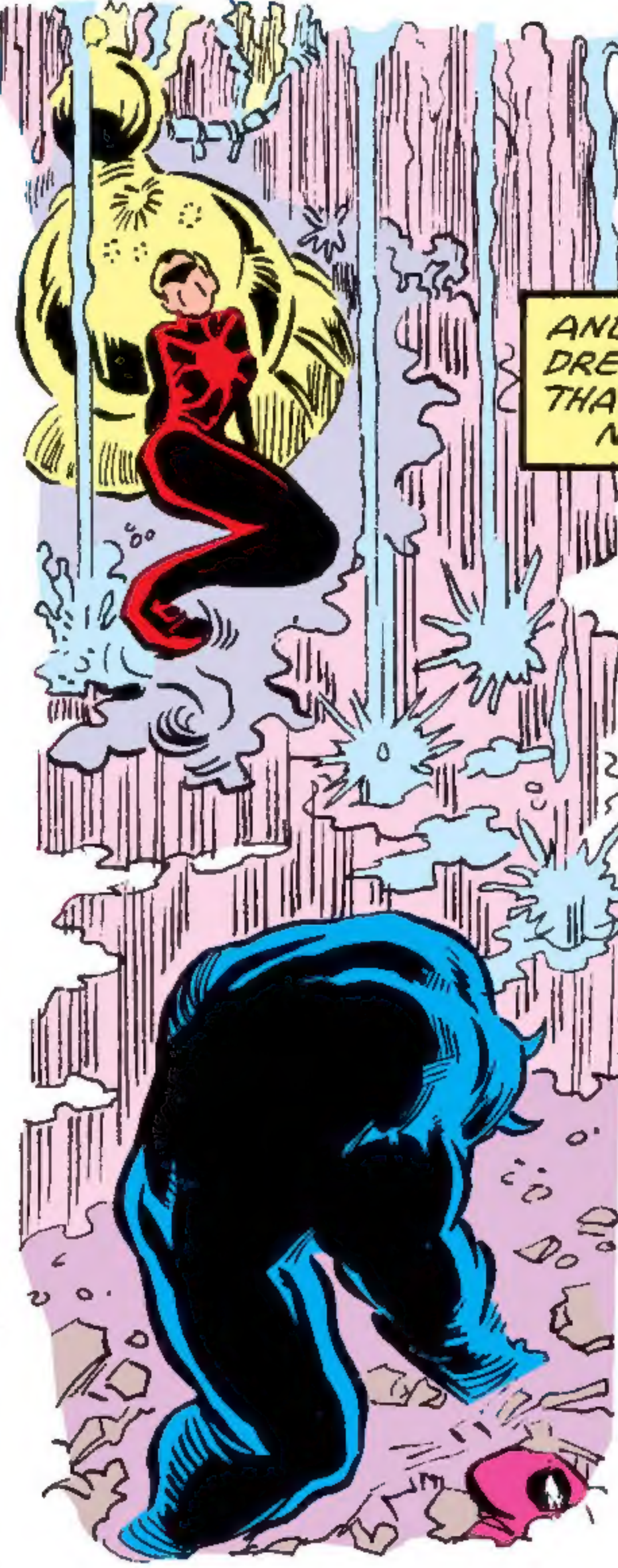
YET, THE DARK ONE WOULD NOT BE DENIED!



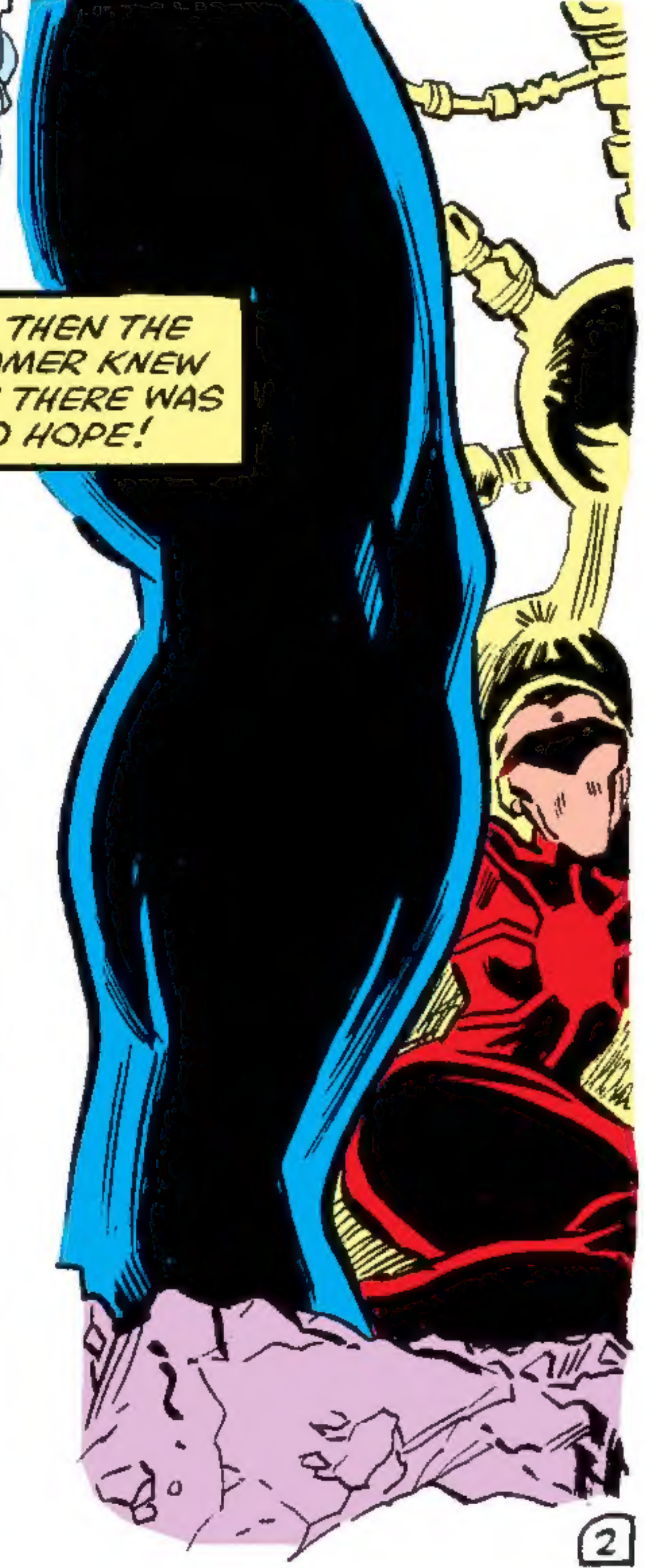
HIS BLUDGEONING BLOWS SHATTERED THE WORLD ABOUT HIM. ALL WHO OPPOSED HIM FELL...



...EVEN THE CHAMPION!



AND THEN THE DREAMER KNEW THAT THERE WAS NO HOPE!







AS DEATH REACHED OUT, SHE PRAYED TO WHATEVER POWERS THERE MAY BE: "PLEASE DON'T LET IT END LIKE THIS! PLEASE SAY THAT IT'S JUST A DREAM!"

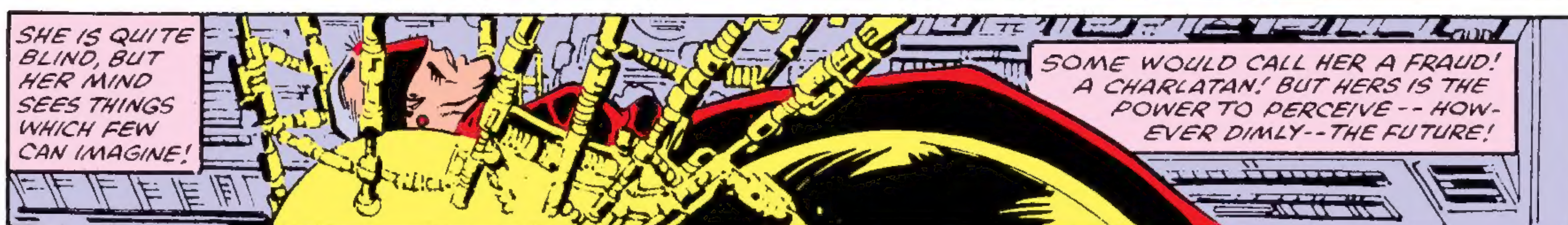


**PLEASE!**



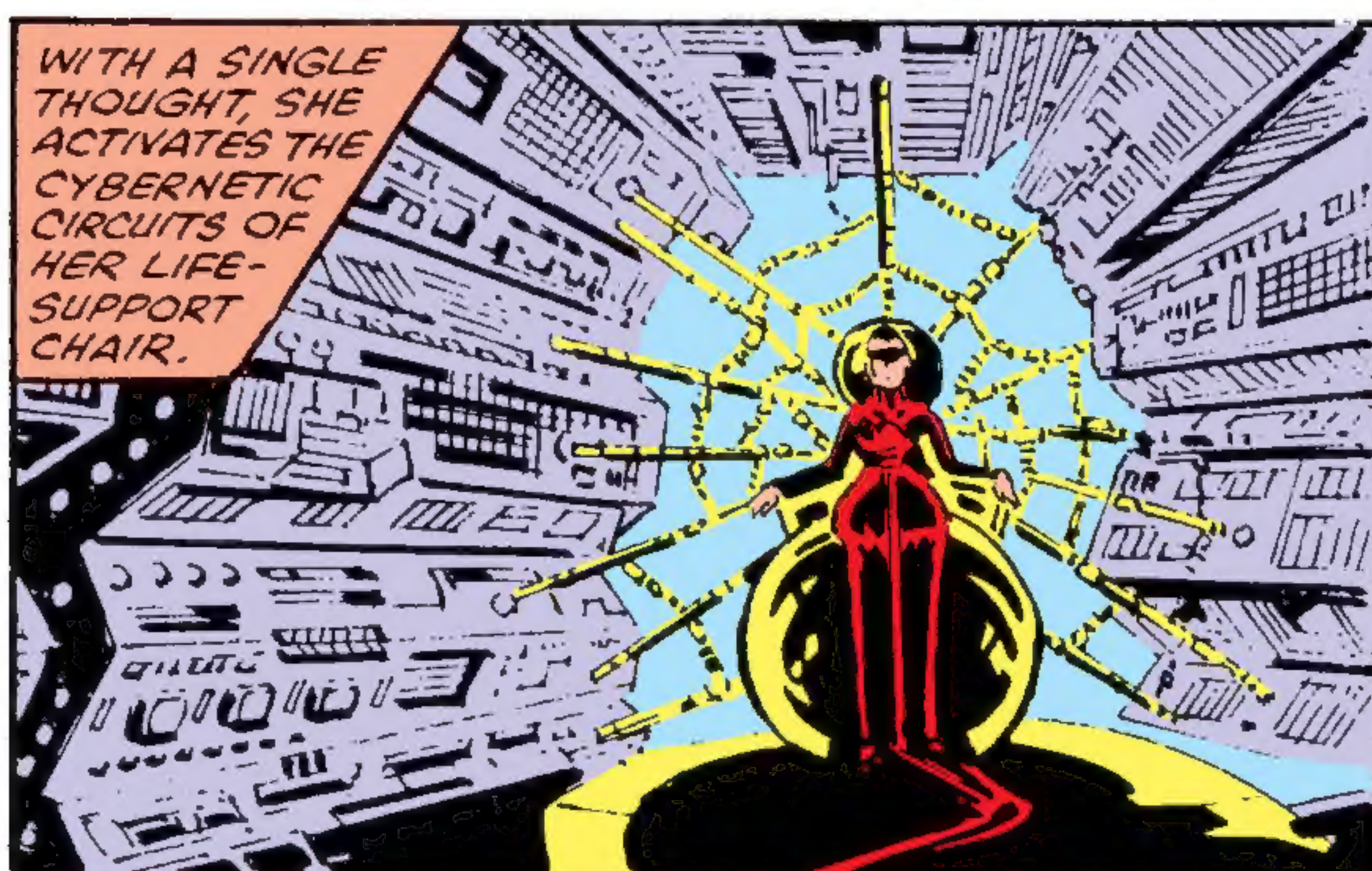
AT THE SOUND OF THE SCREAM, THE DREAM ENDS.

BUT THE DREAMER KNOWS...THE DANGER HAS JUST BEGUN!

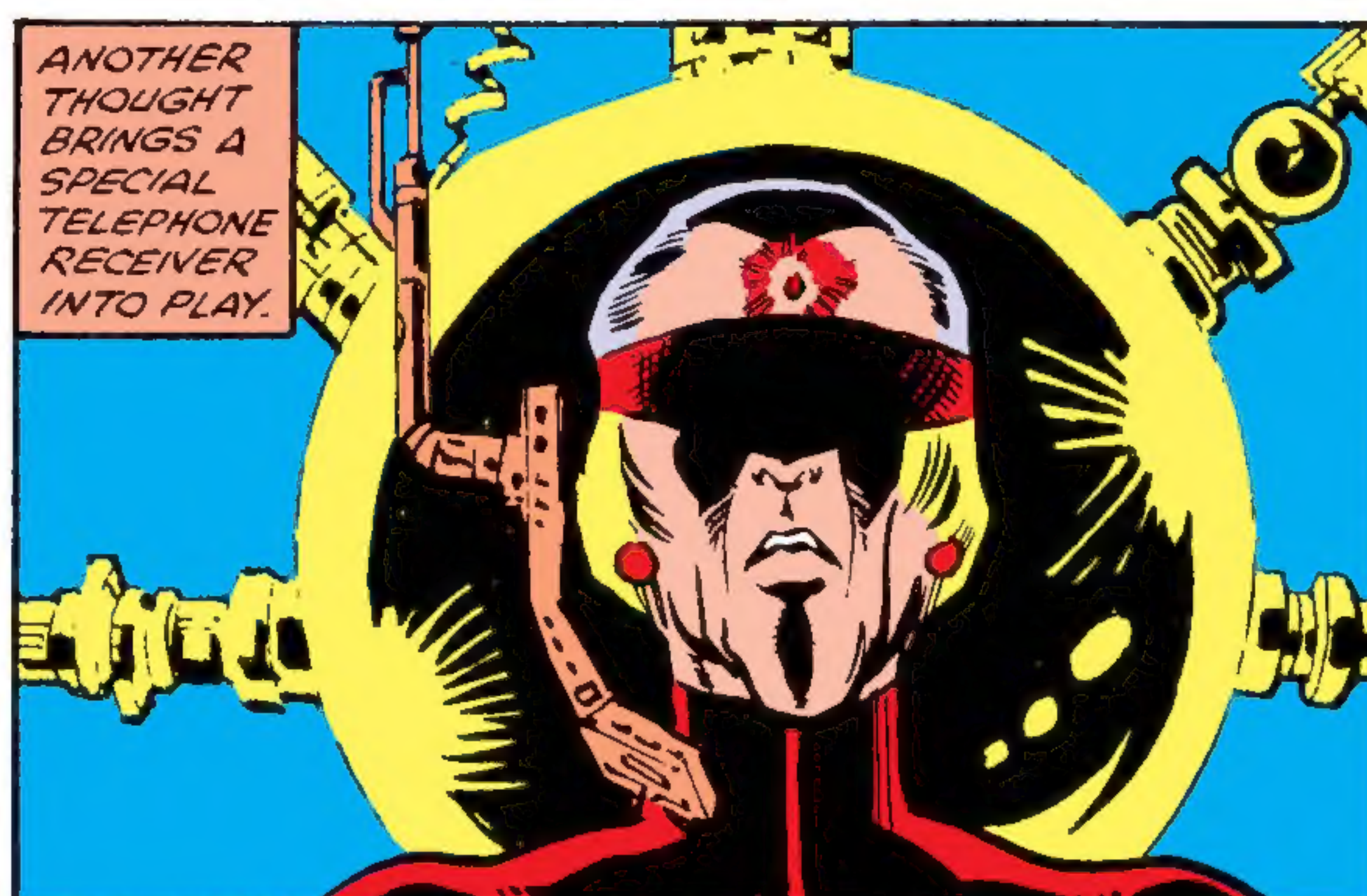


SHE IS QUITE BLIND, BUT HER MIND SEES THINGS WHICH FEW CAN IMAGINE!

SOME WOULD CALL HER A FRAUD! A CHARLATAN! BUT HERS IS THE POWER TO PERCEIVE -- HOW EVER DIMLY -- THE FUTURE!



WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT, SHE ACTIVATES THE CYBERNETIC CIRCUITS OF HER LIFE-SUPPORT CHAIR.



ANOTHER THOUGHT BRINGS A SPECIAL TELEPHONE RECEIVER INTO PLAY.

HER VISION HAS SHOWN HER THAT ONLY ONE MAN STANDS ANY CHANCE OF SAVING HER LIFE! SHE MUST REACH HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



SECONDS LATER, IN A THIRD-FLOOR APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN'S CHELSEA DISTRICT--



-- GRAD STUDENT PETER PARKER IS SUDDENLY ROUSED FROM AN UNPLANNED SLUMBER!

**BRRRING**

HAHN?

OH...THE PHONE! GEEZ, I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF FOR A MINUTE!



WHO COULD BE CALLING AT THIS HOUR?

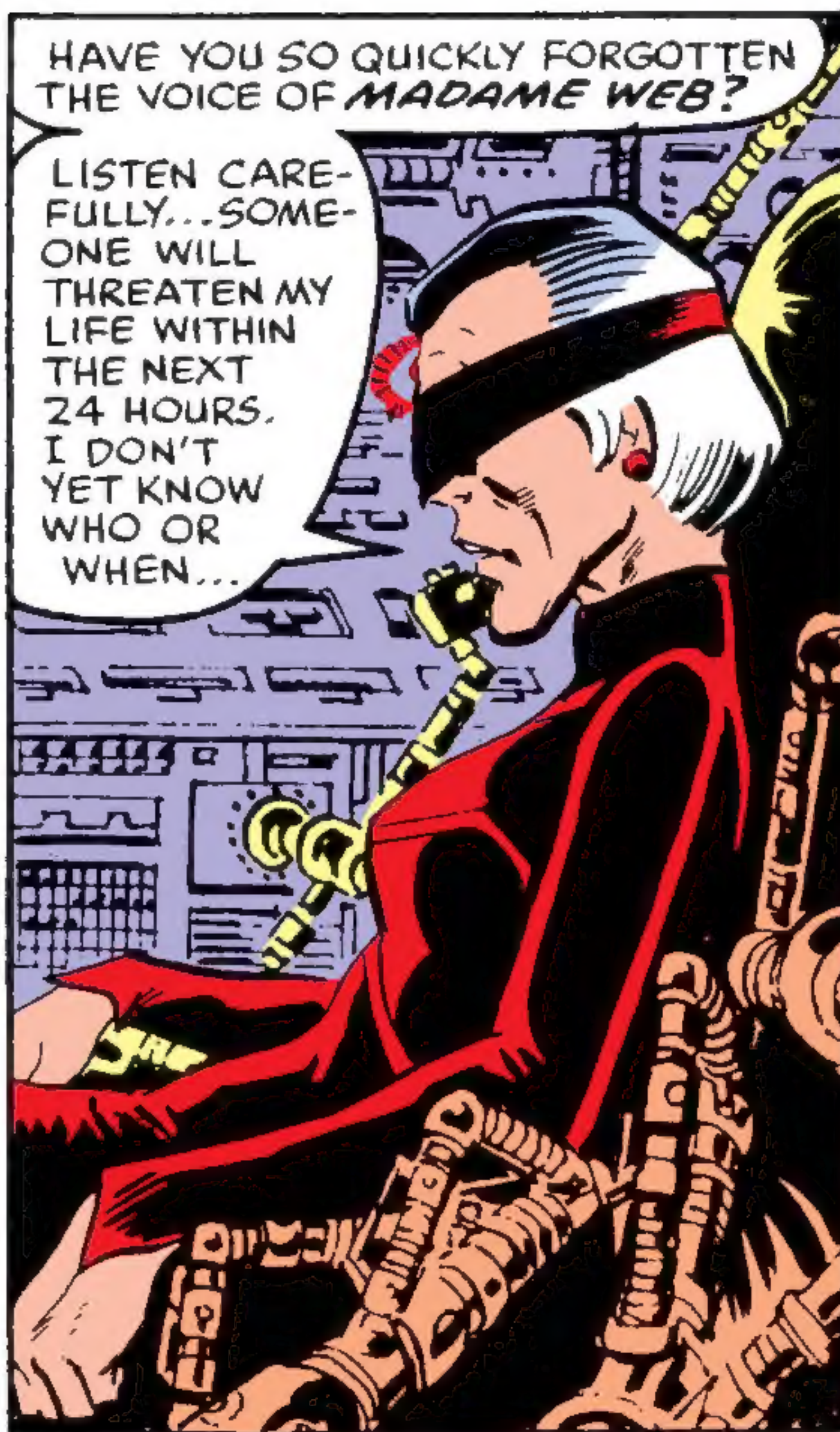
HEH! MAYBE IT'S SOME OLD ENEMY OF MINE... CALLING TO SAY HE'S DISCOVERED THAT I'M REALLY THE EVER-AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!





SPIDER-MAN, I NEED YOUR HELP!

WHAT?! WHO IS THIS?!



HAVE YOU SO QUICKLY FORGOTTEN THE VOICE OF MADAME WEB?

LISTEN CAREFULLY... SOMEONE WILL THREATEN MY LIFE WITHIN THE NEXT 24 HOURS. I DON'T YET KNOW WHO OR WHEN...



...BUT I DO KNOW THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN POSSIBLY PROTECT ME! WILL YOU?

WELL... YEAH, SURE! BUT HOW?

I WILL BE IN TOUCH WHEN I HAVE A CLEARER IDEA OF THE DANGER.

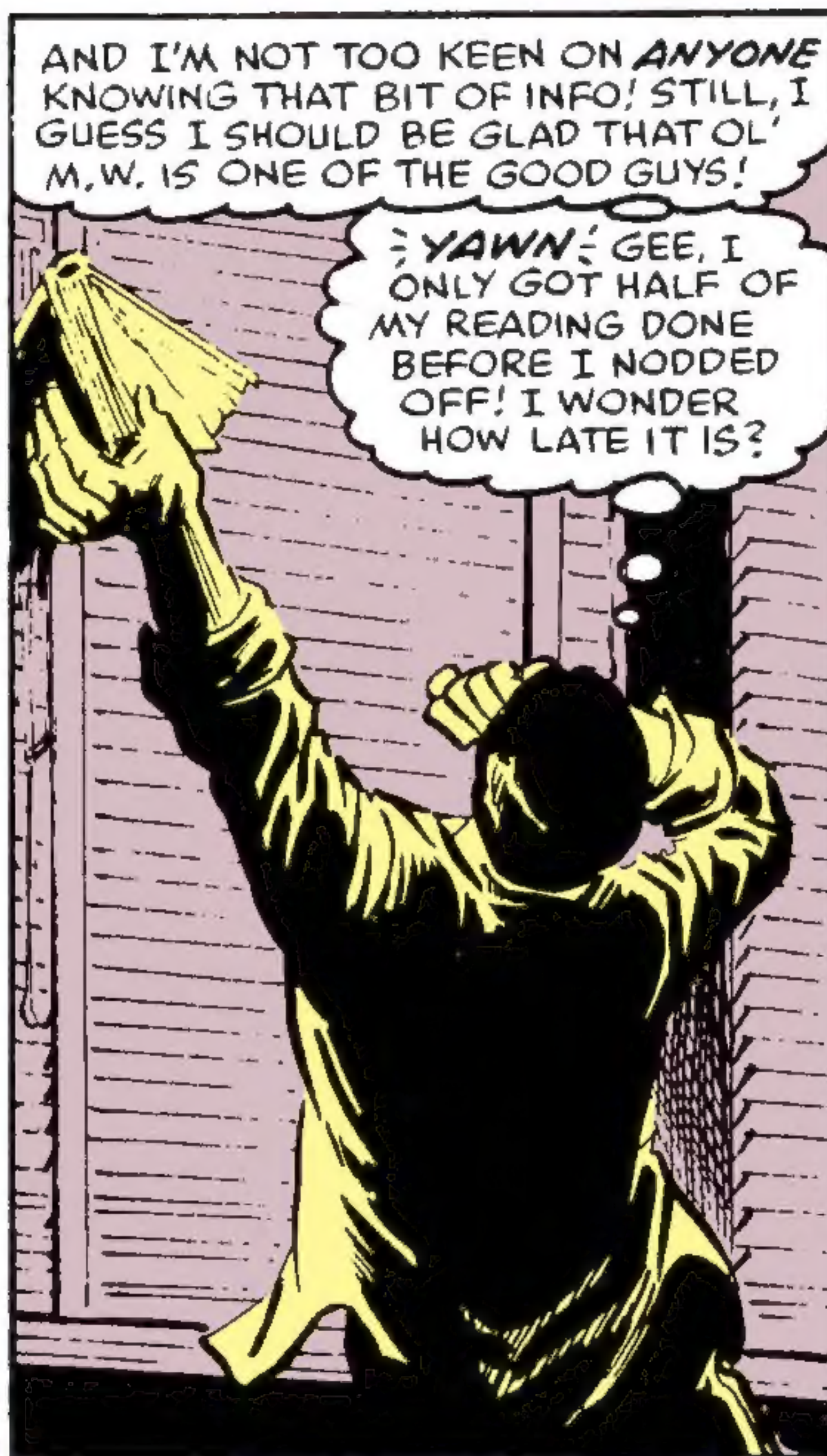
CLICK



SHE CERTAINLY DOESN'T BELIEVE IN WASTING WORDS! MAN, I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THOSE FREAKY PSYCHIC POWERS OF HERS!

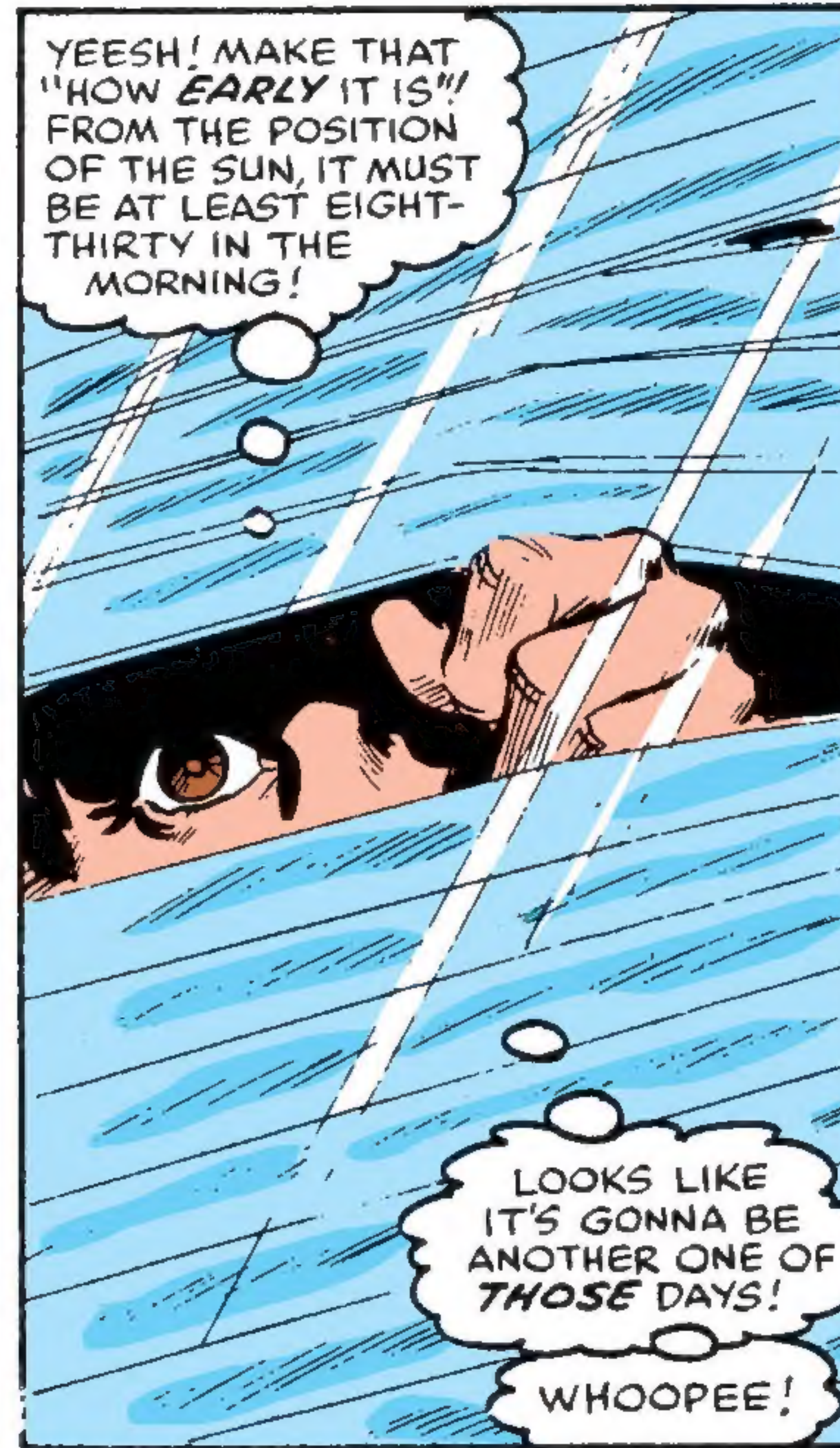
THEY MIGHT HAVE ENABLED HER TO HELP ME OUT A COUPLE OF TIMES,\* BUT THEY ALSO TOLD HER WHO WAS BEHIND THE SPIDER-MAN MASK!

\*SEE ISSUES #210 & #216.



AND I'M NOT TOO KEEN ON *ANYONE* KNOWING THAT BIT OF INFO! STILL, I GUESS I SHOULD BE GLAD THAT OL' M.W. IS ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS!

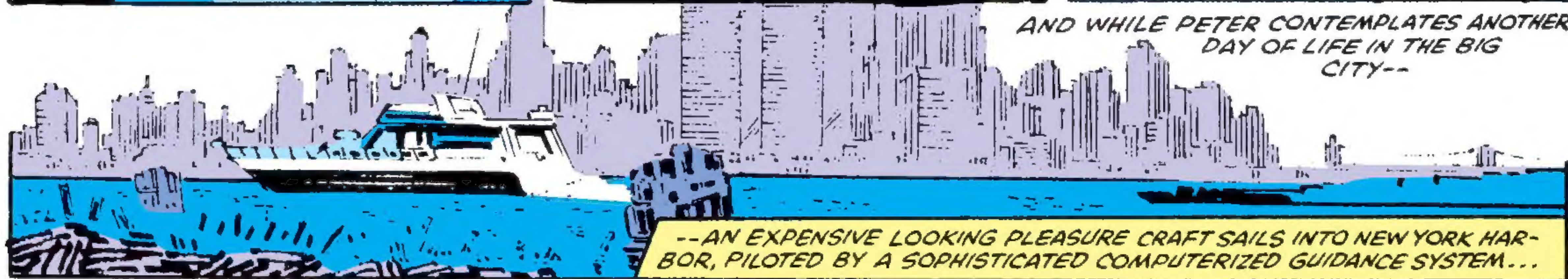
YAWN! GEE, I ONLY GOT HALF OF MY READING DONE BEFORE I NODDED OFF! I WONDER HOW LATE IT IS?



YEESH! MAKE THAT "HOW *EARLY* IT IS!" FROM THE POSITION OF THE SUN, IT MUST BE AT LEAST EIGHT-THIRTY IN THE MORNING!

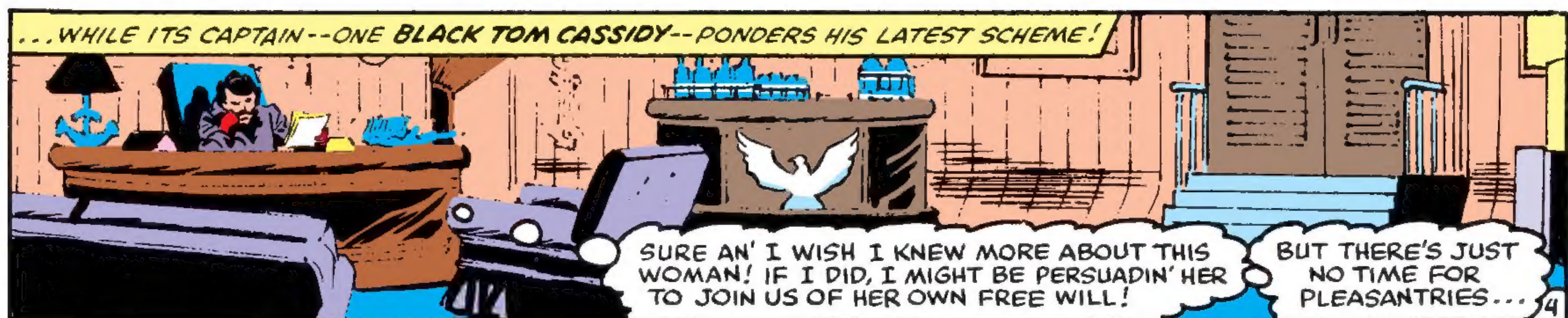
LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE DAYS!

WHOOPEE!



AND WHILE PETER CONTEMPLATES ANOTHER DAY OF LIFE IN THE BIG CITY--

--AN EXPENSIVE LOOKING PLEASURE CRAFT SAILS INTO NEW YORK HARBOR, PILOTED BY A SOPHISTICATED COMPUTERIZED GUIDANCE SYSTEM...



...WHILE ITS CAPTAIN--ONE BLACK TOM CASSIDY--PONDERES HIS LATEST SCHEME!

SURE AN' I WISH I KNEW MORE ABOUT THIS WOMAN! IF I DID, I MIGHT BE PERSUADIN' HER TO JOIN US OF HER OWN FREE WILL!

BUT THERE'S JUST NO TIME FOR PLEASANTRIES...



...WE HAVE TO LATCH ONTO THE LADY AND SKEEDADDLE, BEFORE WE'RE DISCOVERED BY--!

**KRUNCH**

OH, NO!

BEFORE BLACK TOM'S EYES, THE ENTIRE DOORWAY TO HIS QUARTERS IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED TO SPLINTERS!

TOM, I'M GOING STIR CRAZY! I NEED SOMETHING TO DO... NOW!

TAKE IT EASY, CAIN! LIKE I TOLD YE BEFORE, YE'LL SOON HAVE ALL THE ACTION YE CRAVE!

YOU CALL GRABBING SOME OLD WOMAN "ACTION"? BAH!

AND HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU... I'M **NOT** CAIN MARKO ANYMORE! I HAVEN'T BEEN SINCE THE DAY I BECAME THE **JUGGERNAUT**!

I NEED A **REAL** WORK-OUT, TOM-- SOMETHING WORTHY OF MY POWER!

THINK YER READY TO TACKLE THE X-MEN AGAIN, DO YE? DON'T BE DAFT! THEM BLEEDIN' MUTANTS ALWAYS MANAGED TO STYMIE YE!

THE WOMAN COULD CHANGE ALL THAT!

SHE'S A PSYCHIC, BOYO--FORE--TELLS THE FUTURE! WITH HER POWER ADDED TO OUR OWN, NO ONE COULD DEFEAT US!

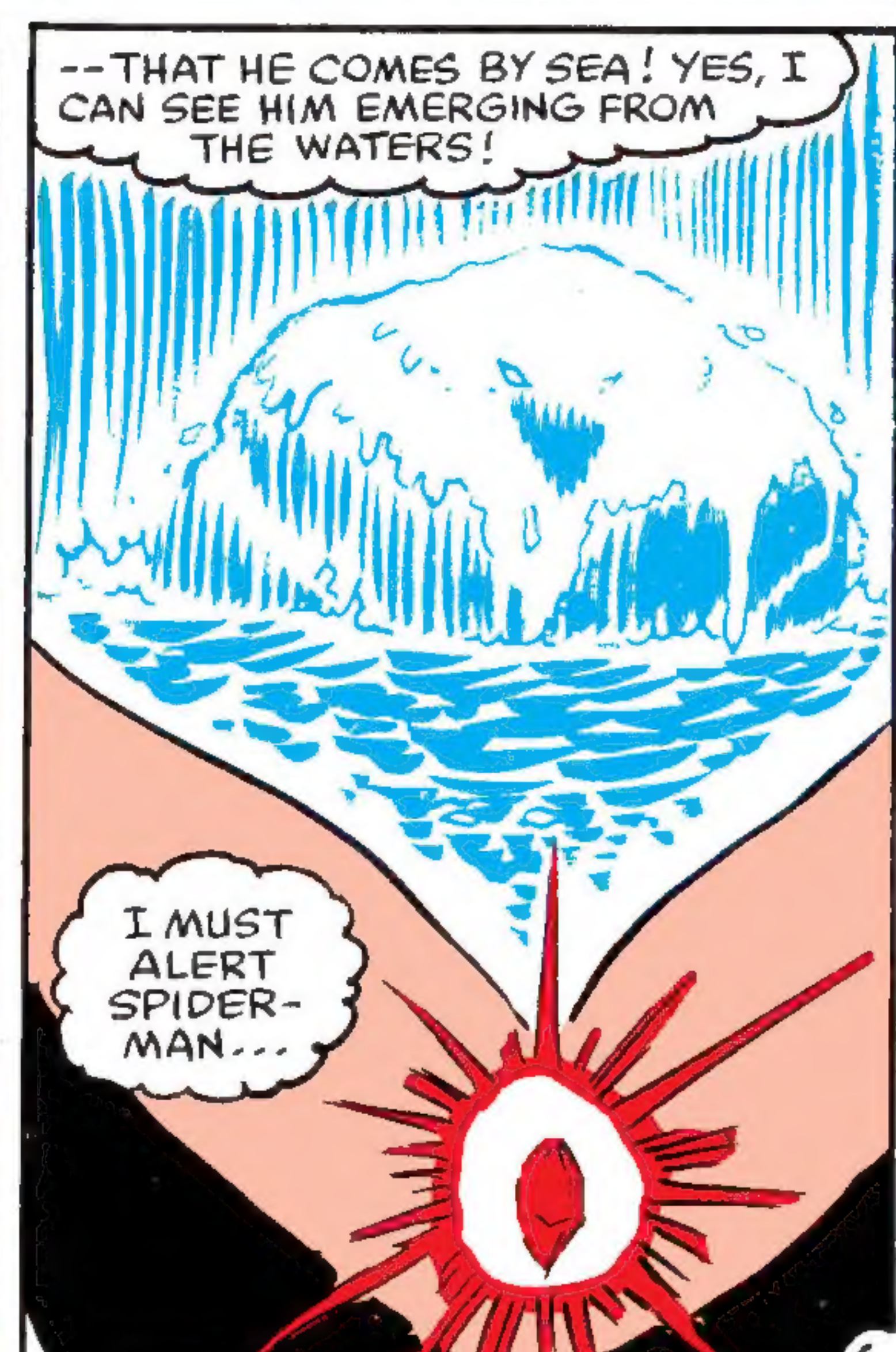
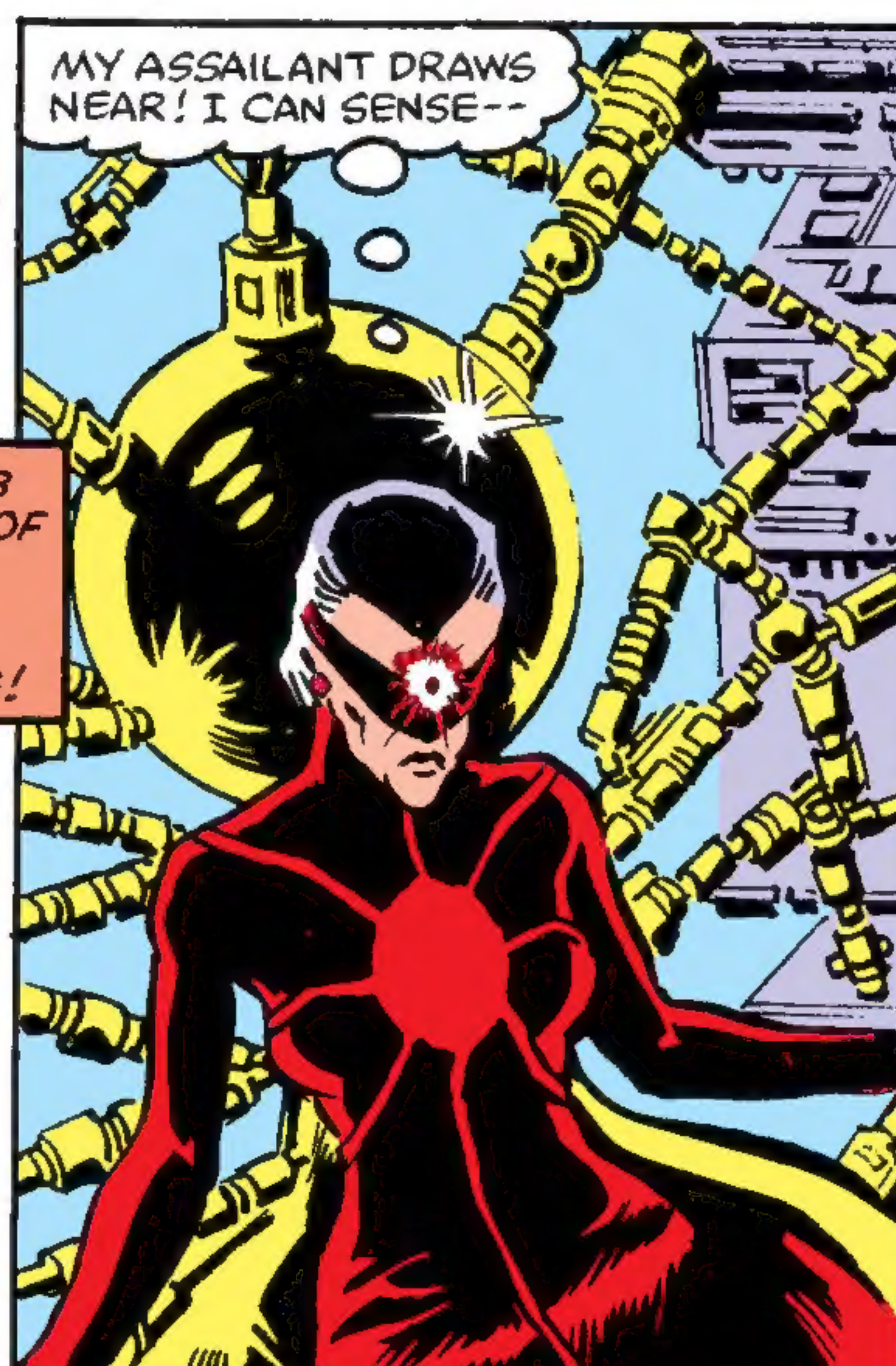
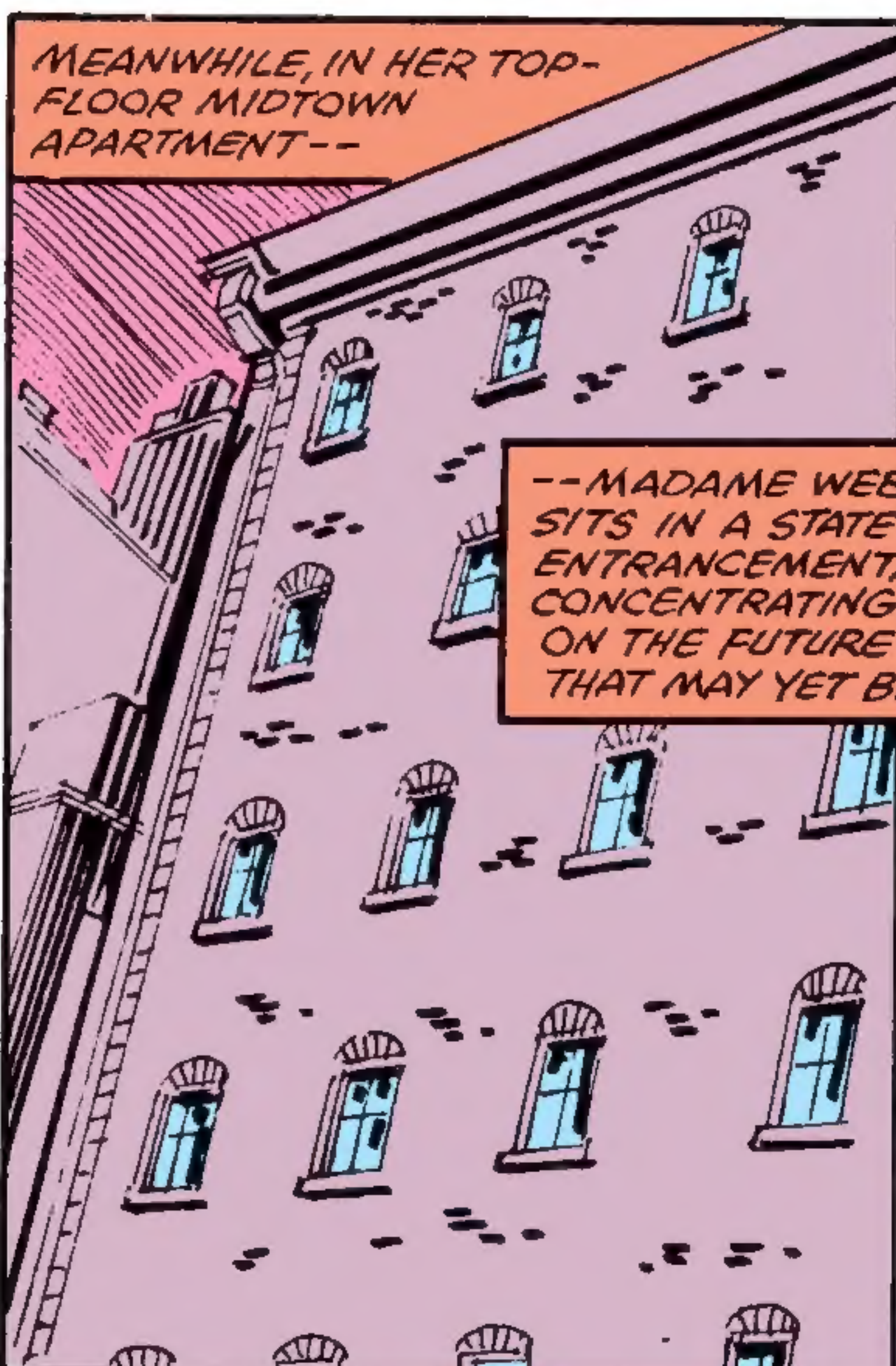
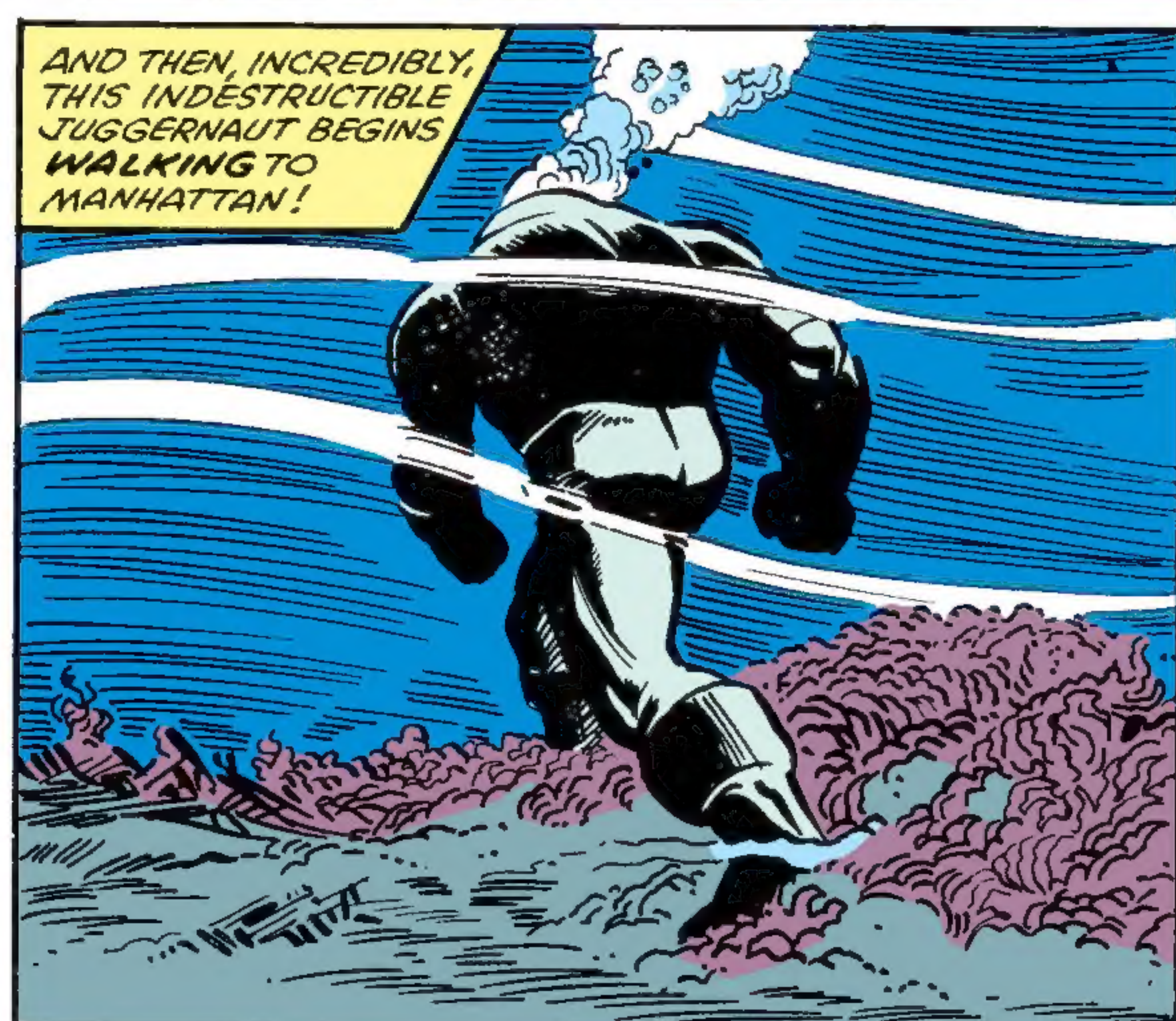
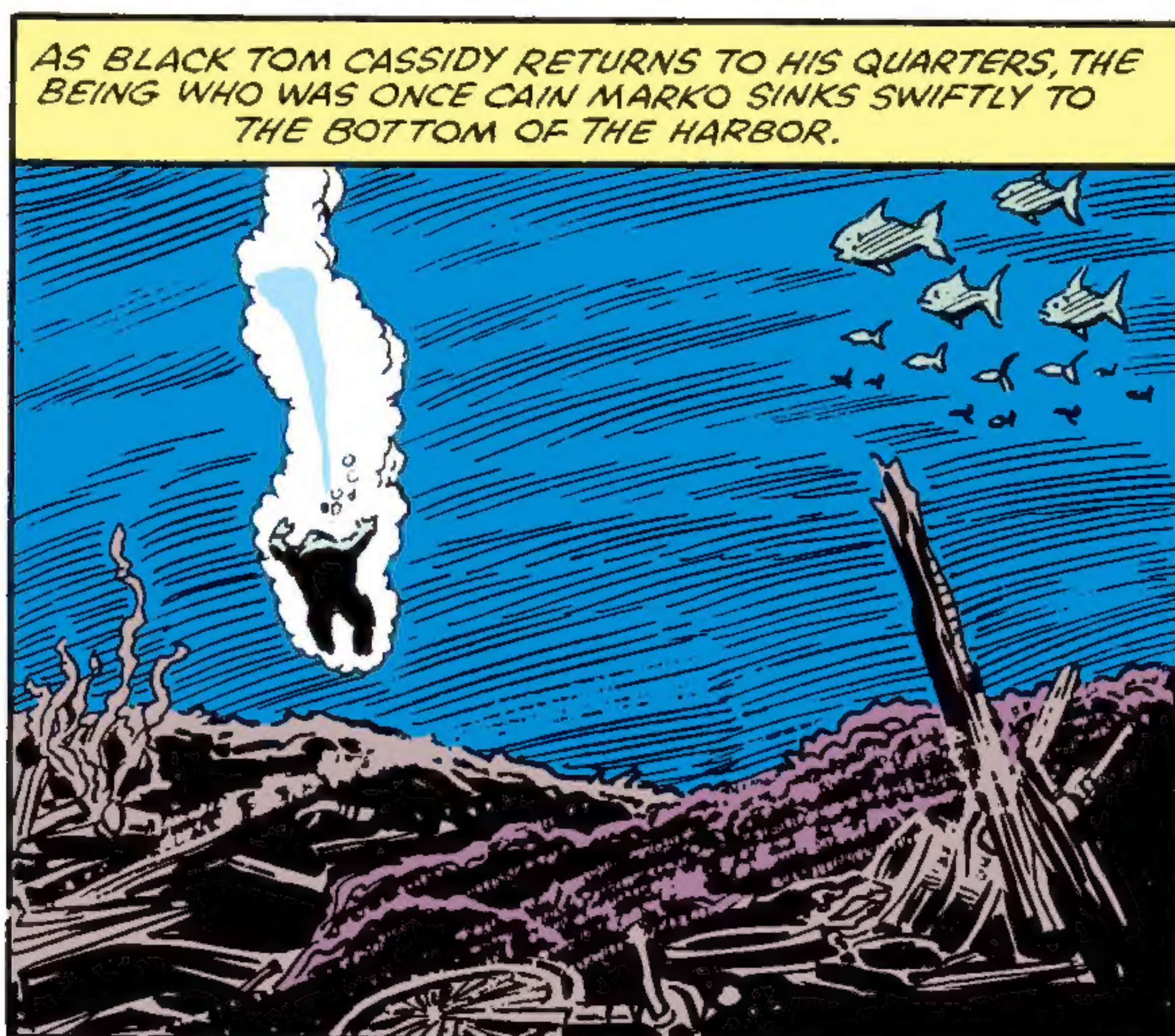
MADAM WEB

PSYC REAPER

ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE RUNNING THIS SHOW! IF YOU SAY SHE'S IMPORTANT, THEN I'LL GO GET HER!

JUGGERNAUT, MIND THE STAIRS! THERE'S NO NEED TO BE IN SUCH AN ALL-FIRED HURRY! WE WON'T BE DOCKIN' FER FIFTEEN MINUTES!







"...WHEREVER HE MAY BE!"

AT THAT MOMENT, JUST ACROSS TOWN--

--PETER PARKER IS THREADING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CHAOTIC AISLES OF THE DAILY BUGLE'S CITY ROOM.

I DON'T HAVE ANY CLASSES FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS...MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IN HERE AND LET PEOPLE KNOW THAT I'M STILL ALIVE!

HELLO, STRANGER! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK THAT YOU'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT US!

GIMME A BREAK, GLORY! I DROPPED OFF SOME PHOTOS WITH ROBBIE JUST A FEW DAYS AGO!

AND YOU DIDN'T STOP BY TO SEE ME? SHAME-SHAME!

I THOUGHT YOU'D FOUND THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS AND RUN OFF TO TAHITI!

UH...NO. I'VE JUST BEEN BUSY.

OOO, GLORY GRANT, YOU REALLY SAID THE WRONG THING THAT TIME! FROM THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES, SOME LADY MUST'VE DONE A NUMBER ON HIM!\*

PETER... YOU OKAY?

I'LL LIVE.

\*ONE DID...THE BLACK CAT IN ISSUE # 227!

HELLO, PETER! IF YOU WANTED TO TALK TO OUR ESTEEMED PUBLISHER, I'D ADVISE AGAINST IT! JONAH'S NOT IN THE BEST OF MOODS!

IS HE STILL HAVING PROBLEMS WITH THE TRUCKER'S UNION, ROBBIE?

NOPE. IT'S THE PRINTER'S UNION THIS TIME.

I'D RATHER DEAL WITH YOU ANYWAY, ROBBIE. ANY LOOSE ASSIGNMENTS AROUND FOR A HUNGRY FREELANCE PHOTOG?

AFRAID NOT, SON. LANCE BANNON'S BEEN SNAPPING UP ALL THE FREELANCE PHOTO-WORK. SORRY, BUT HE'S BEEN AVAILABLE--YOU HAVEN'T!

HELLO! UH...I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING IMPORTANT, AM I?

HUH?

HEY, WHAT IS THIS? OLD HOME WEEK?

WELL, I'LL BE--!

BETTY BRANT!

BETTY BRANT LEEDS, ROBBIE! I'M STILL MARRIED...HOPEFULLY FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!





THEN, YOU AND NED HAVE PATCHED THINGS UP? THAT'S GREAT!

WELL, WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, BUT I HAVE MY HOPES. WE SPENT THE WHOLE LAST MONTH TALKING THINGS OUT WITH A MARRIAGE COUNSELOR.

UNFORTUNATELY, NEITHER OF US WORKED LAST MONTH, SO--!



SAY NO MORE, BETTY! YOU STILL HAVE A JOB HERE AS MY SECRETARY! I FIGURED YOU'D BE BACK BEFORE TOO LONG!

YO, ROBBIE! PHONE!

BE RIGHT THERE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, YOUNGSTERS! A CITY EDITOR'S WORK IS NEVER DONE!



I'M GLAD I RAN INTO YOU HERE, PETER. WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT, TOO.

UH... LOOK, BETTS, I KNOW WE DIDN'T EXACTLY PART ON THE BEST TERMS.



AS A MATTER OF FACT, I ACTED LIKE A REAL HEEL, BUT I DIDN'T MEAN--!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN, PETER. I WAS HARDLY ACTING RATIONALLY MYSELF THEN.

AFTER I CALMED DOWN, I REALIZED THAT-- WHATEVER WAS DONE OR SAID-- YOU WERE JUST TRYING TO BRING NED AND ME BACK TOGETHER.

I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR THAT.

THEN, WE'RE STILL FRIENDS?



ALWAYS, PETER... ALWAYS!



MY, MY! I REMEMBER BETTY TELLING ME THAT SHE AND PETE WERE A REAL ITEM ONCE UPON A TIME. AND NOW, SHE'S THE OLD GIRLFRIEND! TIMES DO CHANGE, DON'T THEY?

BRINNNNG



OH, PETE... IT'S FOR YOU!

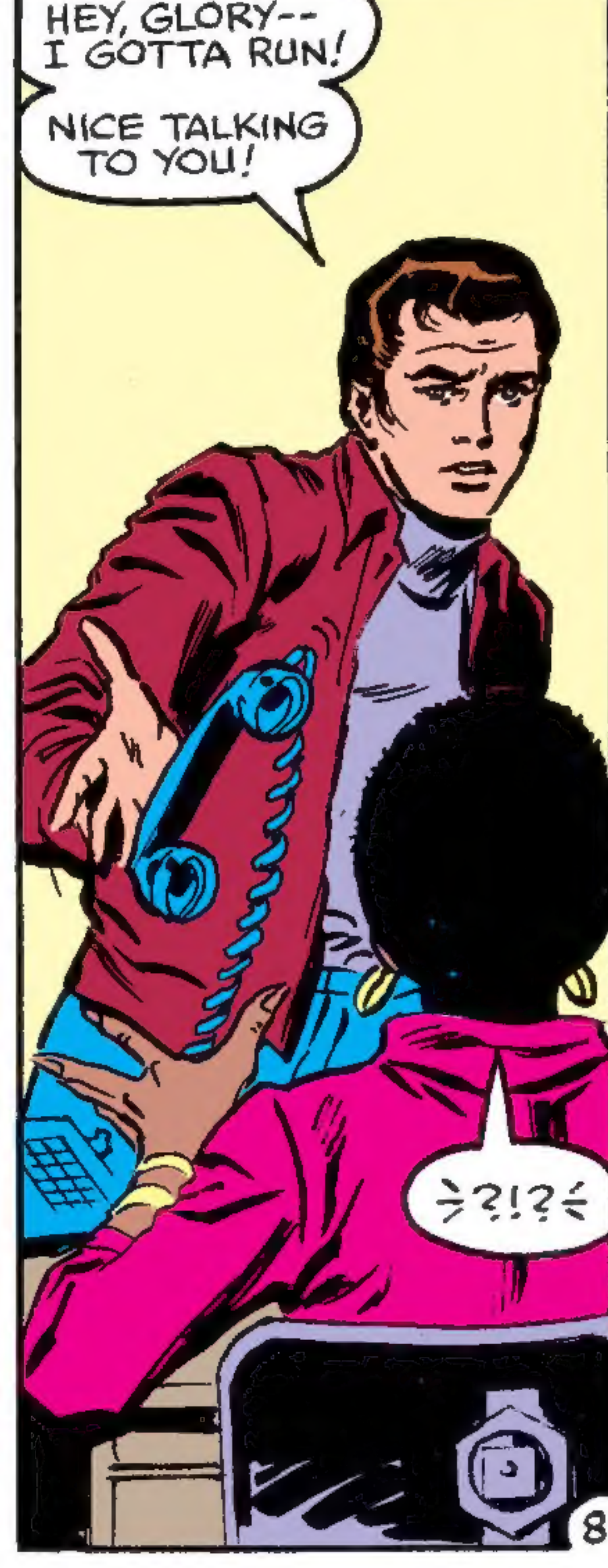
ME?



BATTERY PARK! HE'LL BE COMING OUT OF THE SEA AT BATTERY PARK! YOU MUST STOP HIM!

CLICK

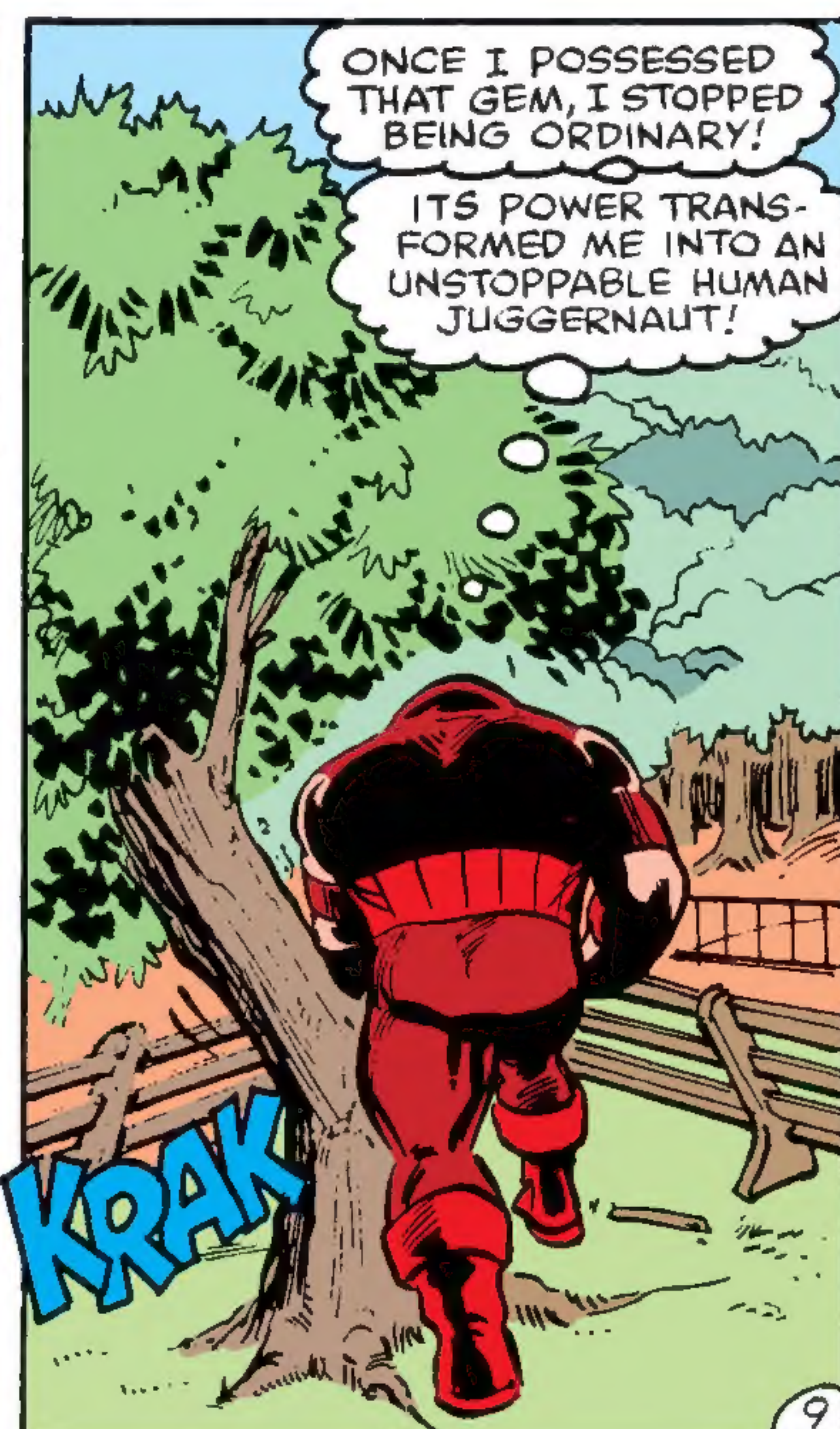
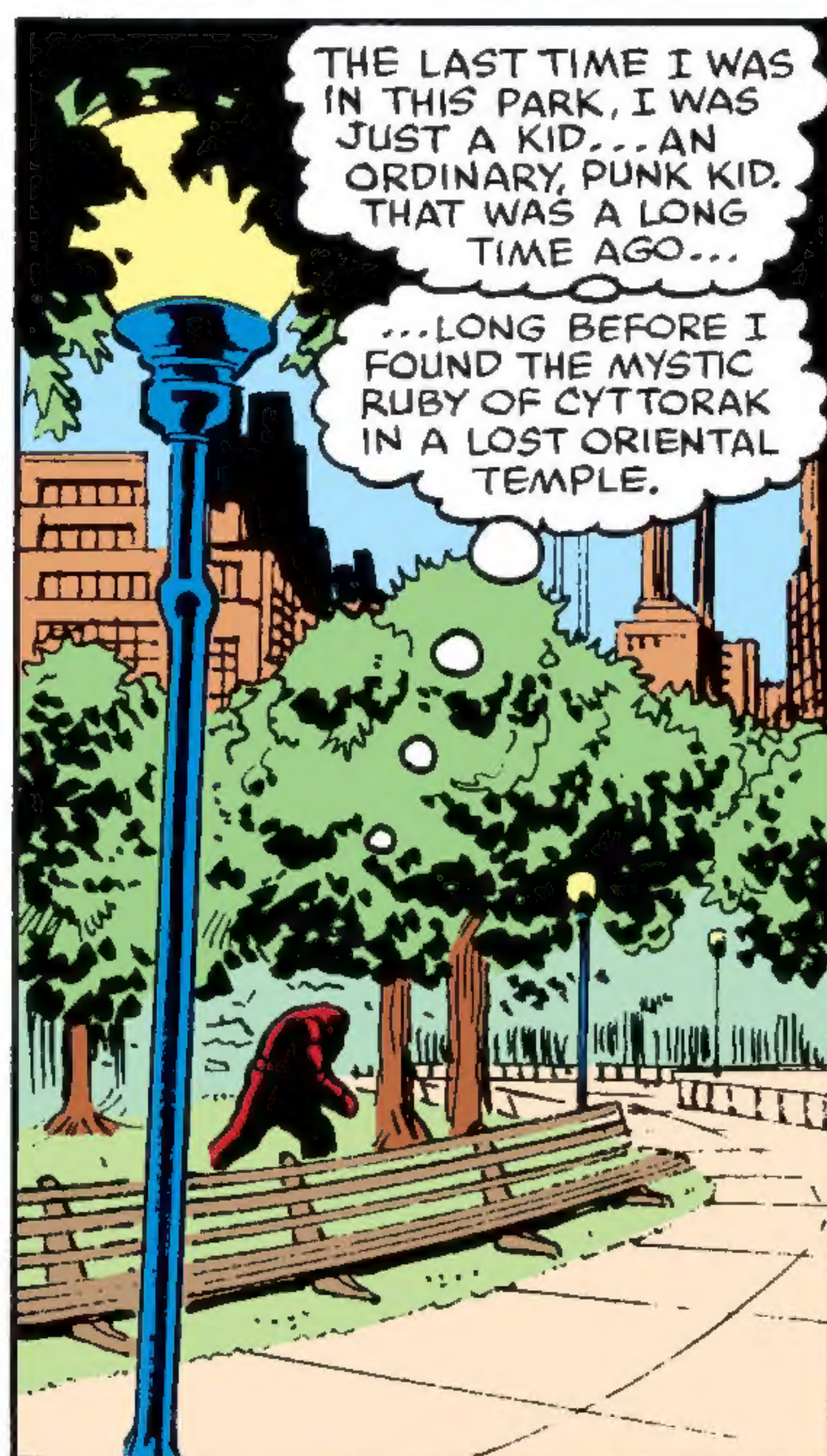
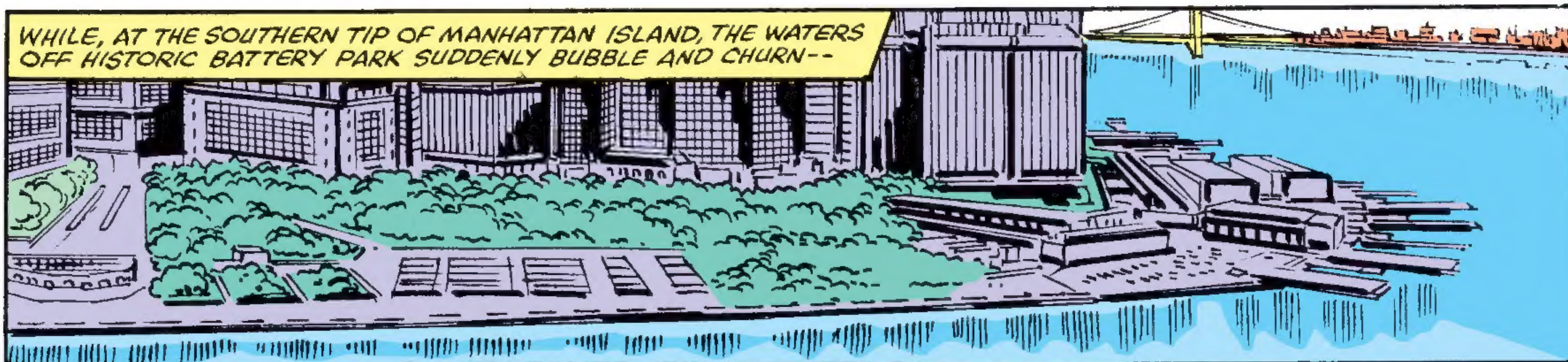
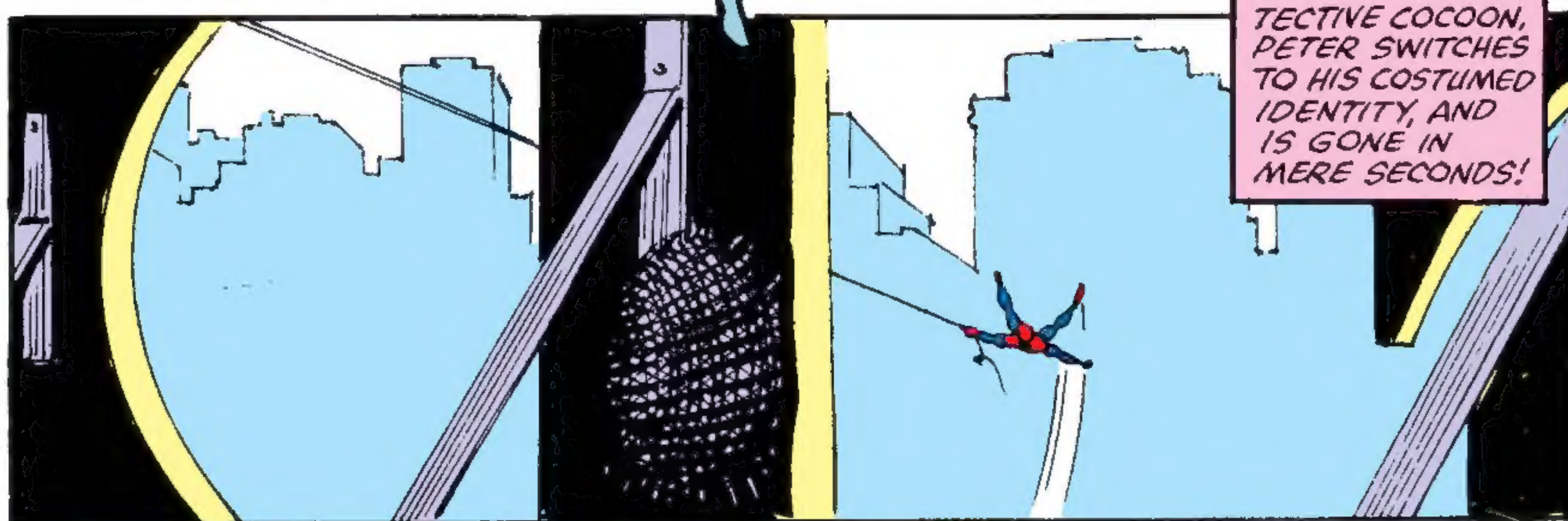
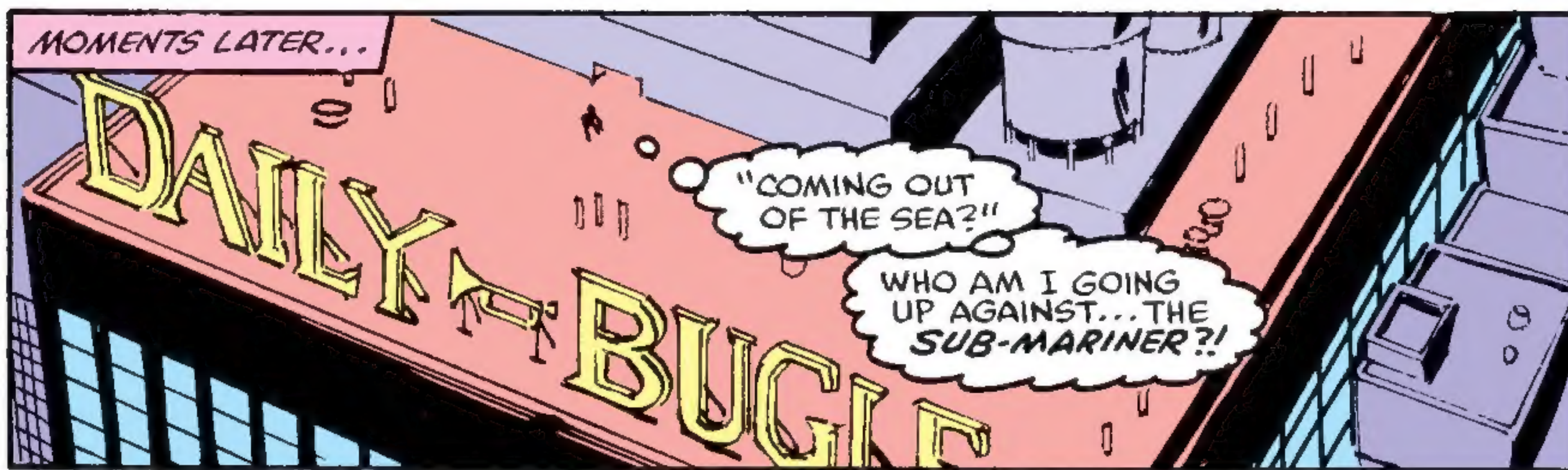
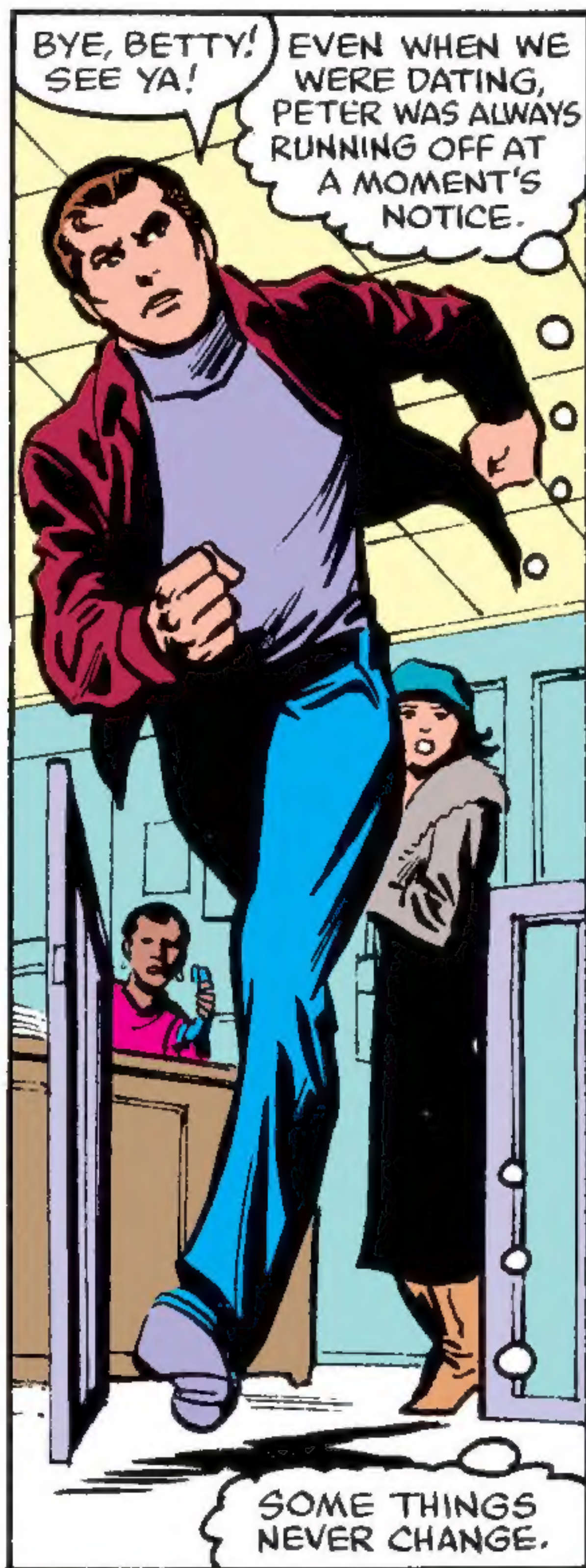
WHAT?!  
MADAME WEB AGAIN!



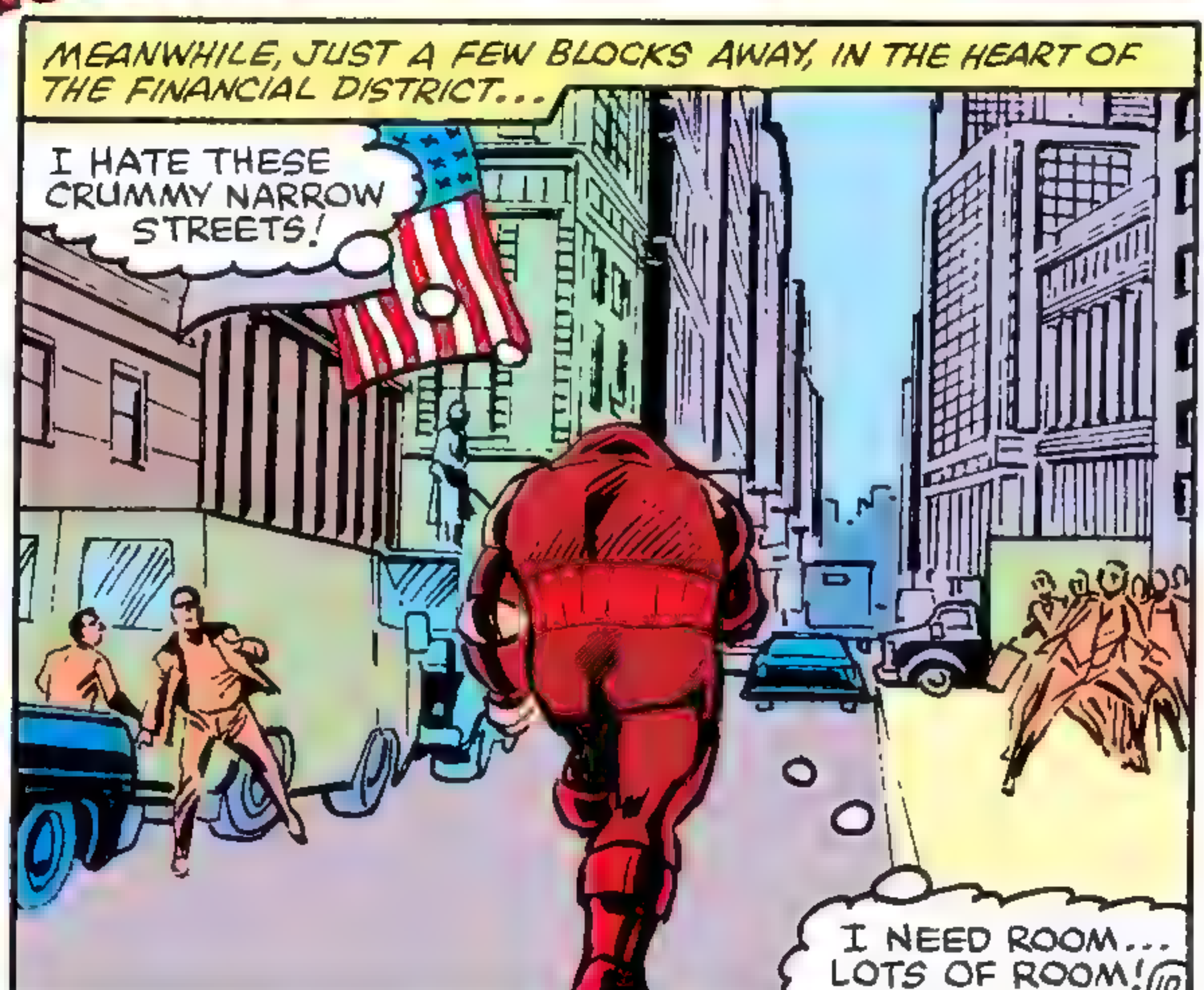
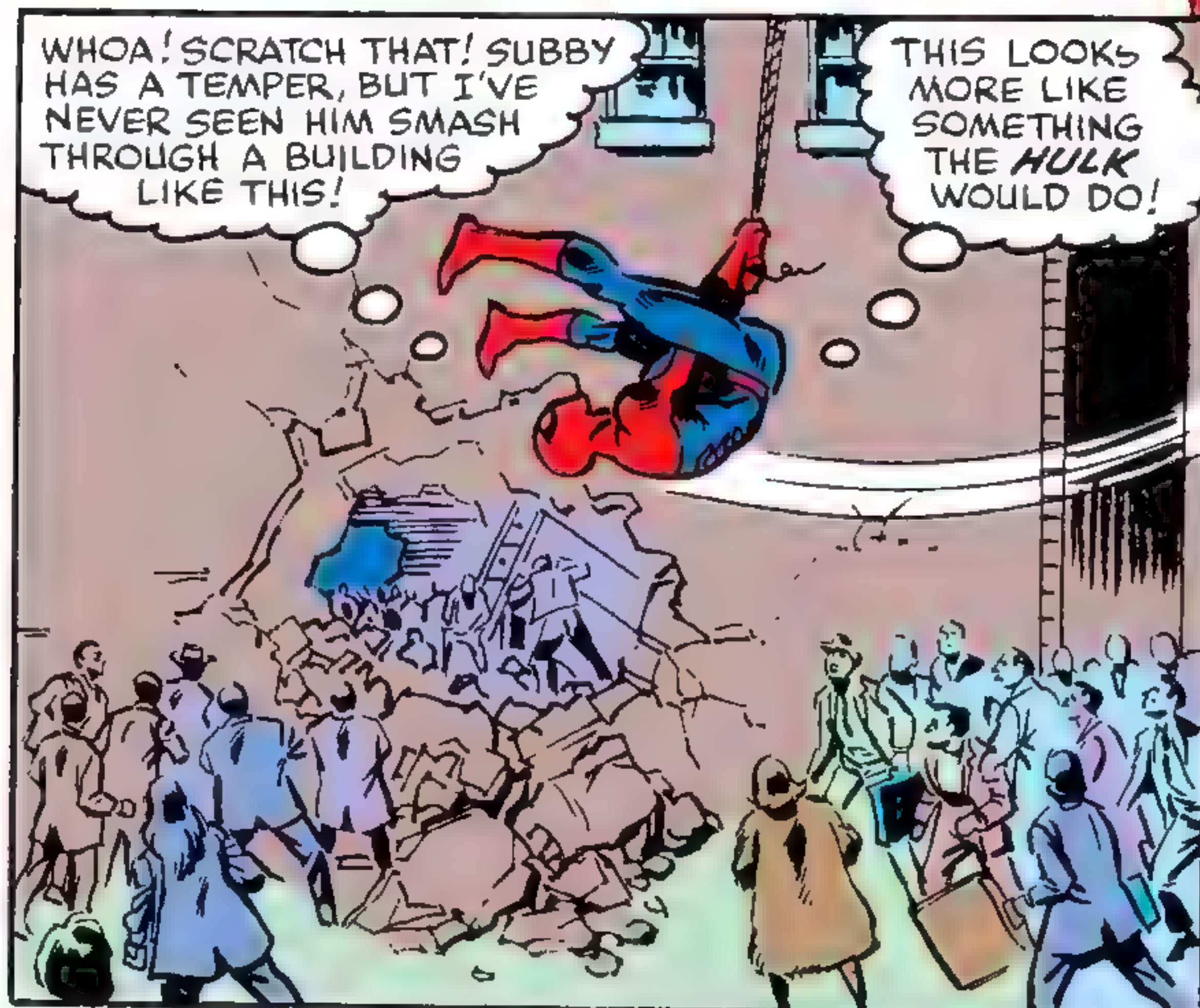
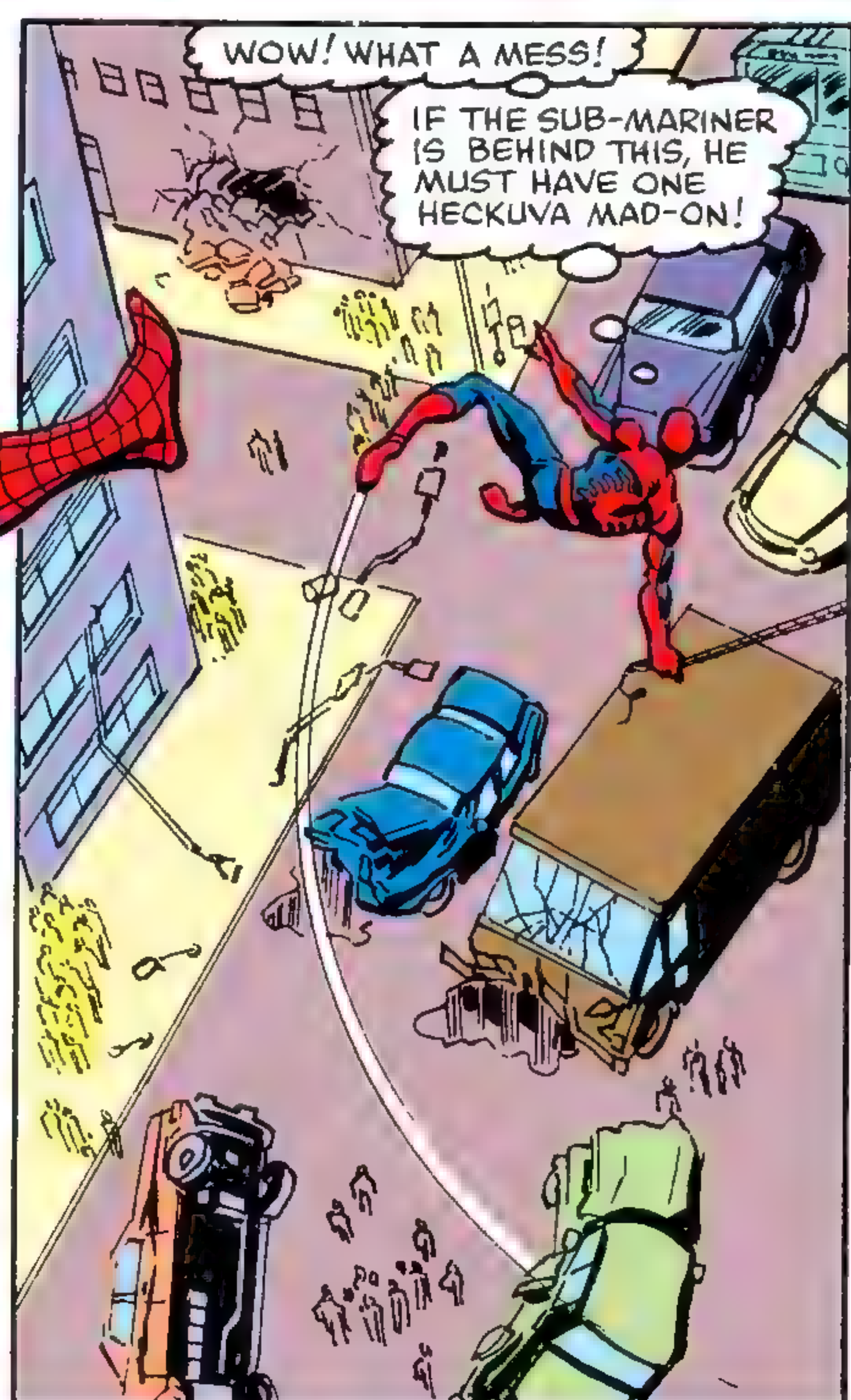
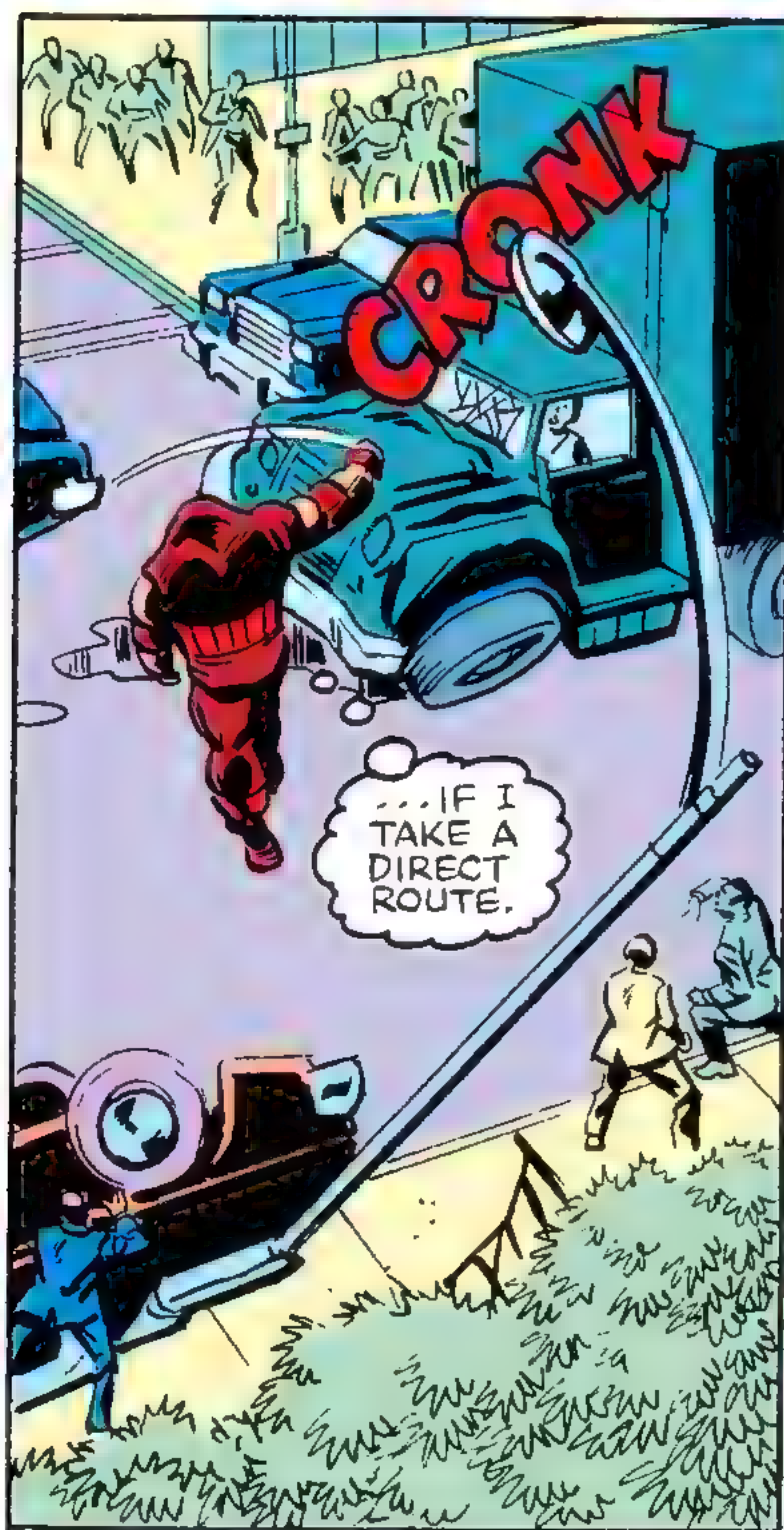
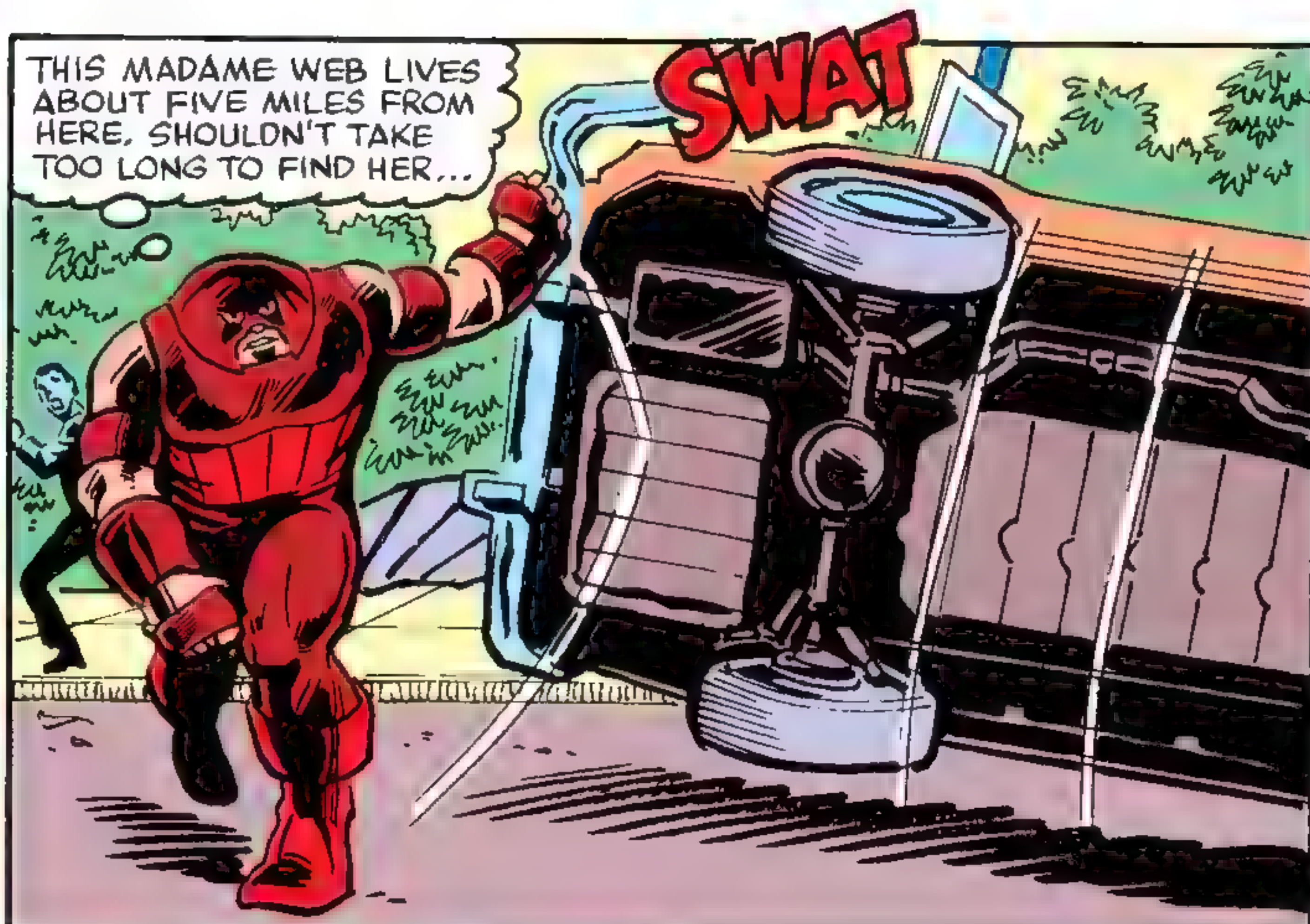
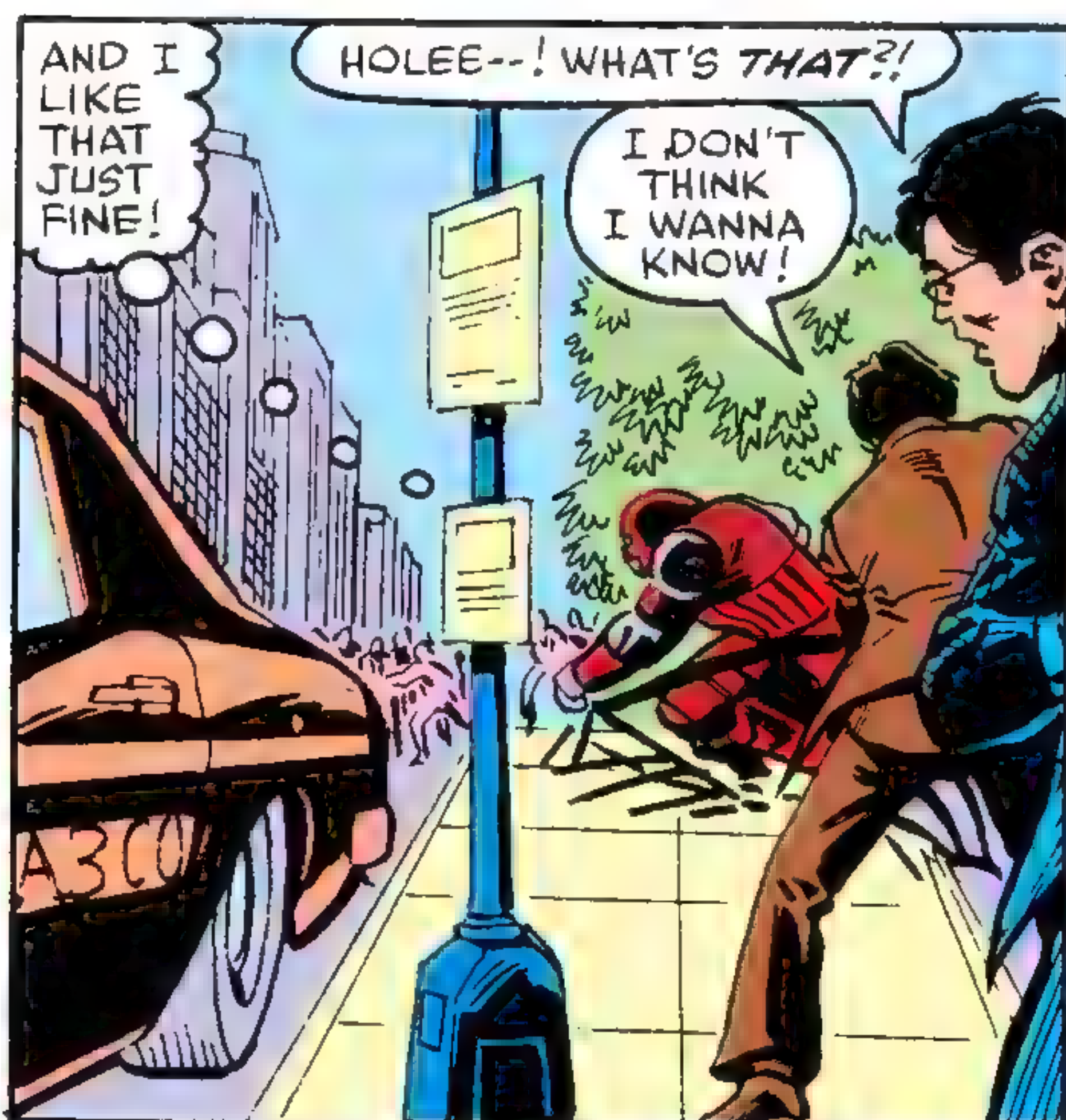
HEY, GLORY-- I GOTTA RUN! NICE TALKING TO YOU!

??!??







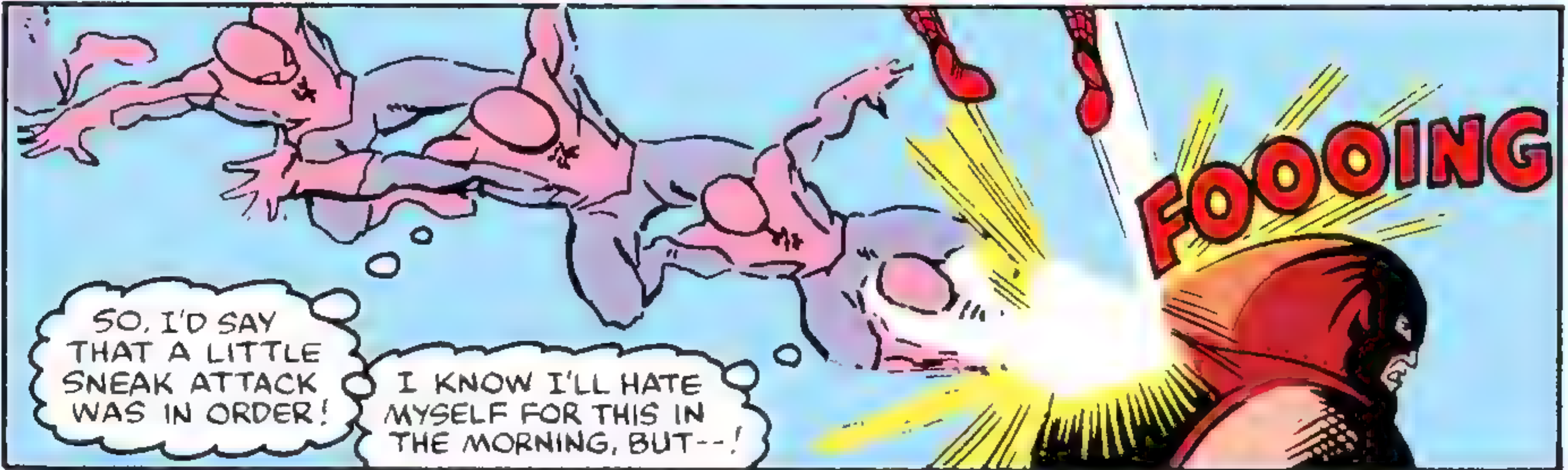




AH-HAH! TARGET  
 SIGHTED!  
 THAT GUY  
 MAY NOT BE  
 THE HULK, BUT  
 HE LOOKS  
 ABOUT AS BIG!  
 IN FACT, HE LOOKS  
 LIKE A BIG, BROWN  
 HUMAN TANK!



QUESTION IS... HOW  
 DO I STOP HIM?  
 HEY, I'LL BET THAT  
 SOMEONE AS BIG  
 AND BULKY AS HIM  
 WOULD FALL RIGHT  
 OVER, GIVEN THE  
 PROPER INCENTIVE!



SO, I'D SAY  
 THAT A LITTLE  
 SNEAK ATTACK  
 WAS IN ORDER!  
 I KNOW I'LL HATE  
 MYSELF FOR THIS IN  
 THE MORNING, BUT--!

FOOOOING



ARCING HIGH OVER THE  
 CITY STREETS, SPIDER-  
 MAN EXECUTES A  
 DESPERATE MID-  
 AIR BACK-FLIP--

--LANDING FEET-FIRST ON THE CORNICE OF A NEARBY BUILDING!



WHAT'S THAT GUY MADE  
 OF? IF I'D REACTED ANY  
 SLOWER, I'D HAVE HIT  
 THIS WALL WITH A  
 SPLAT, INSTEAD  
 OF A THUMP!

THAT'S WHAT I GET  
 FOR BEING SNEAKY,  
 I GUESS!

WELL, A LITTLE  
 WEBBING SHOULD  
 HOLD HIM!

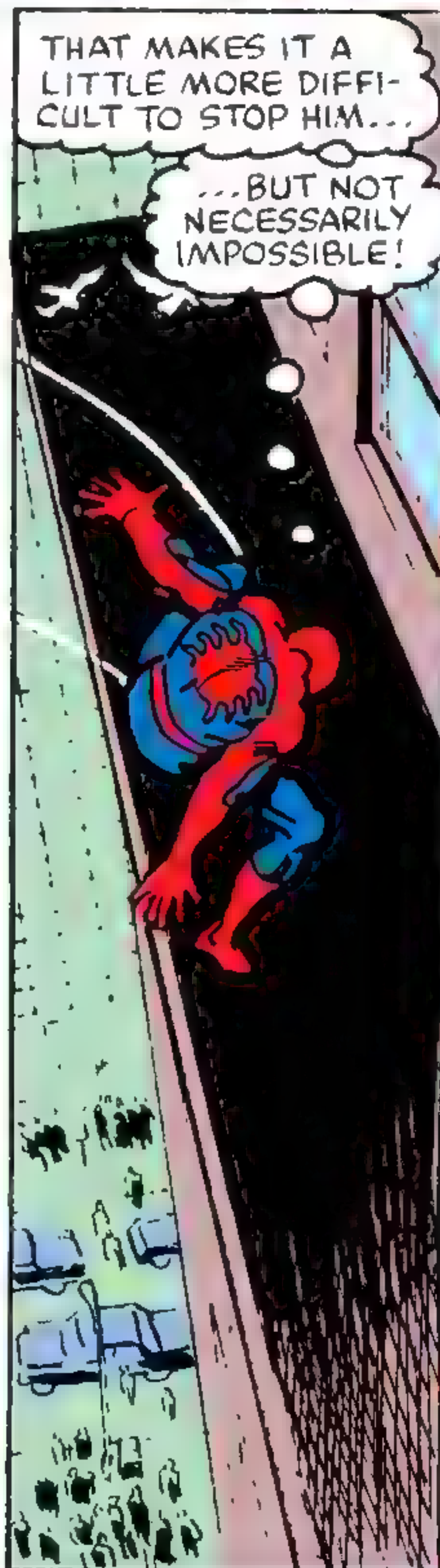
THWIP



BUT, INCHES  
 BEFORE STRIKING  
 THE LUMBERING  
 FIGURE, SPIDER-  
 MAN'S AMAZING  
 WEBBING IS  
 HALTED BY A  
 GLOWING  
 AURA OF  
 PURE  
 FORCE!



GREAT...JUST GREAT!  
 HE WOULD HAVE TO  
 HAVE HIS OWN PRIVATE  
 FORCE FIELD!



THAT MAKES IT A  
 LITTLE MORE DIFFI-  
 CULT TO STOP HIM...

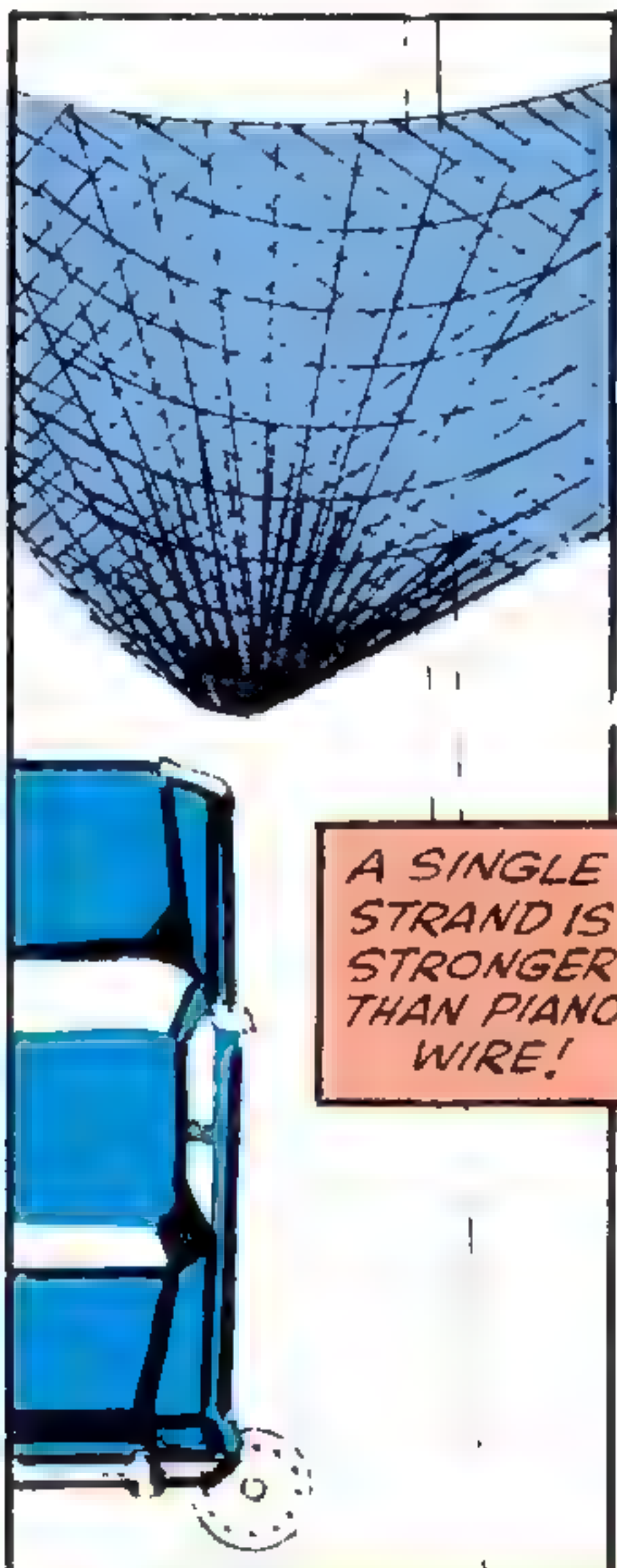
...BUT NOT  
 NECESSARILY  
 IMPOSSIBLE!

WITH A  
 PRACTICED  
 DOUBLE-TAP OF  
 A PALM-SWITCH,  
 SPIDER-MAN FIRES  
 HIS WEBBING DOWN BE-  
 TWEEN THE BUILDINGS--

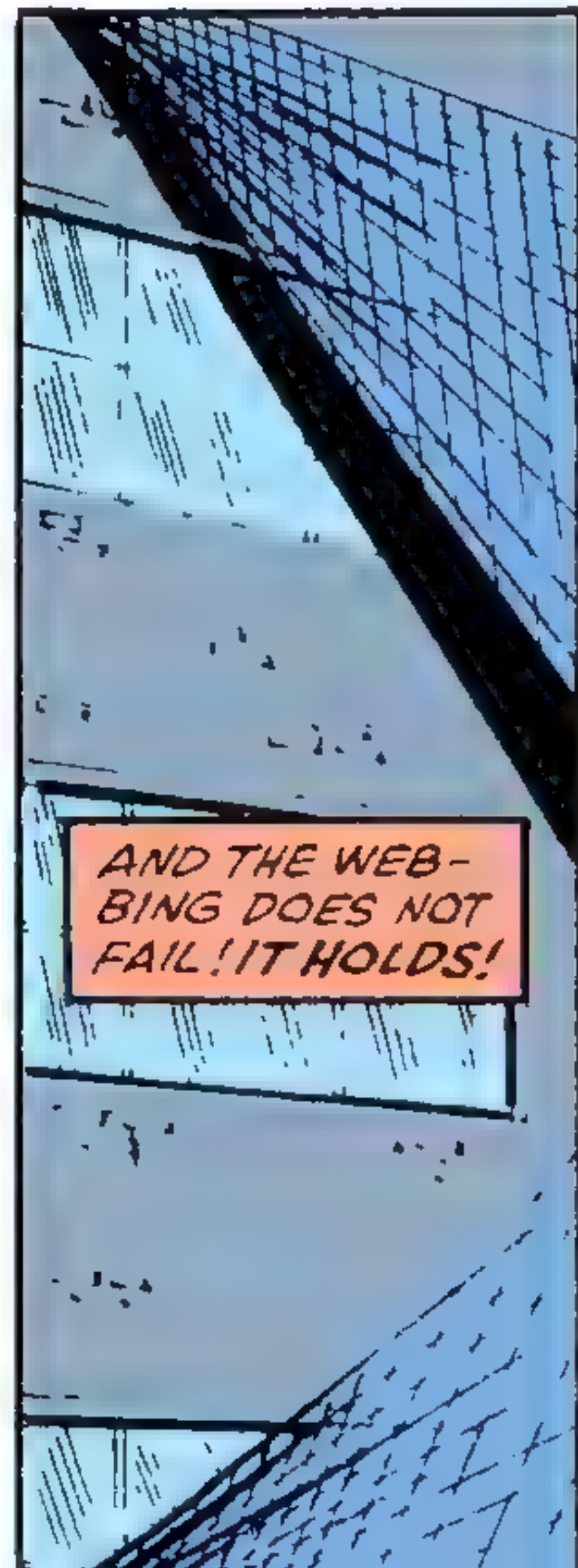
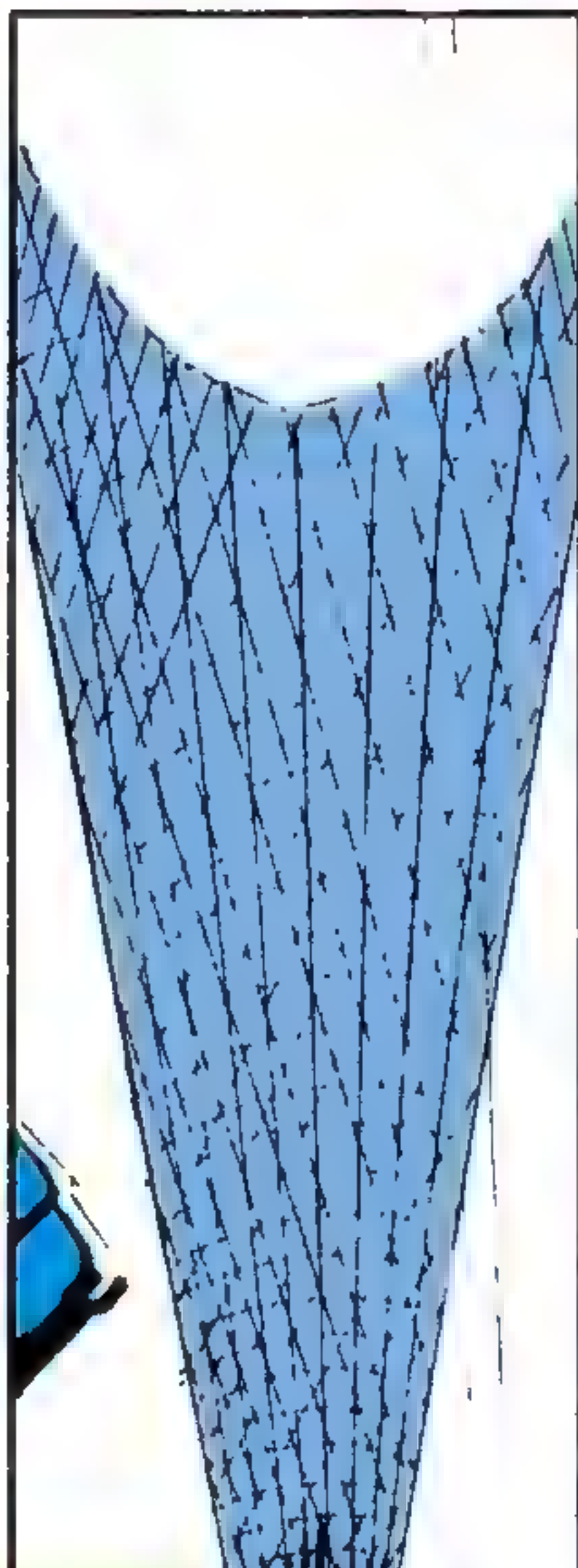
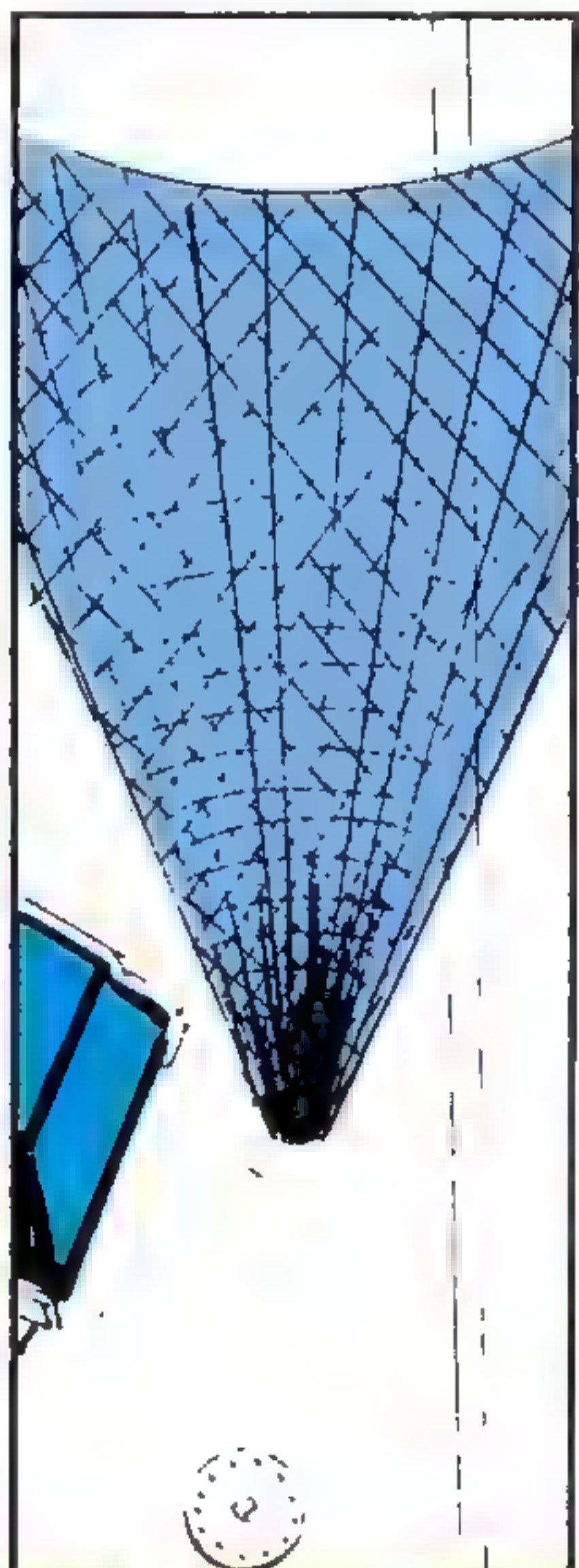


THWIP





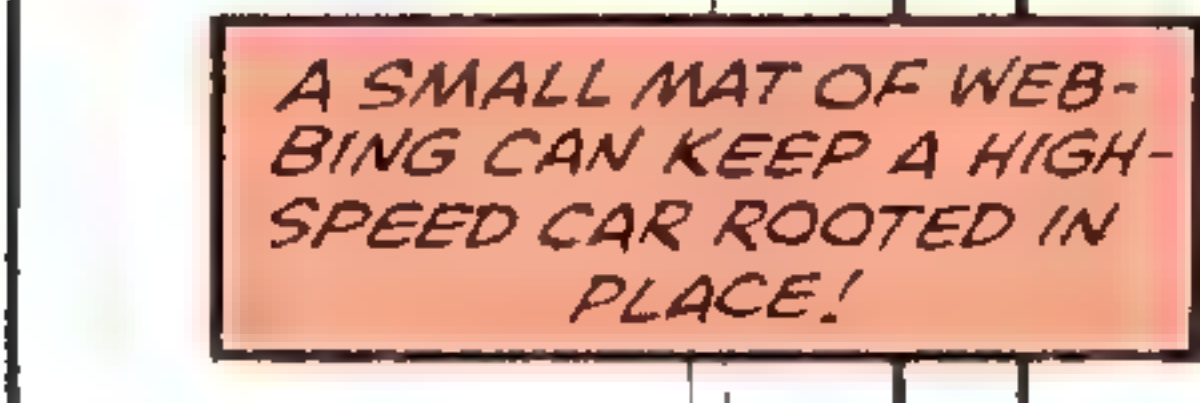
A SINGLE STRAND IS STRONGER THAN PIANO WIRE!



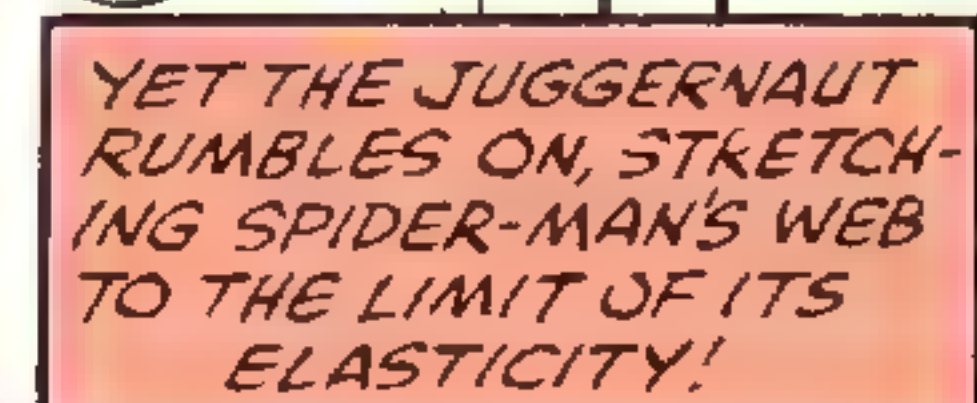
AND THE WEB-BING DOES NOT FAIL! IT HOLDS!



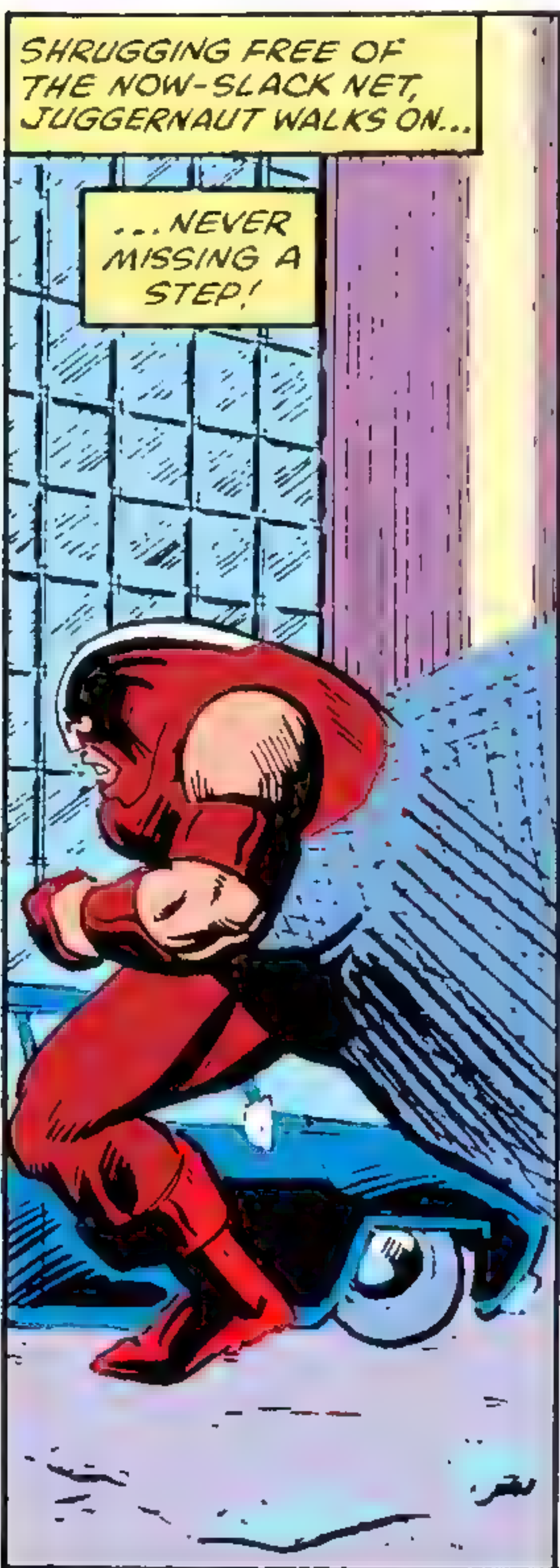
ITS MOORINGS, UNFORTUNATELY, DO NOT!



A SMALL MAT OF WEB-BING CAN KEEP A HIGH-SPEED CAR ROOTED IN PLACE!

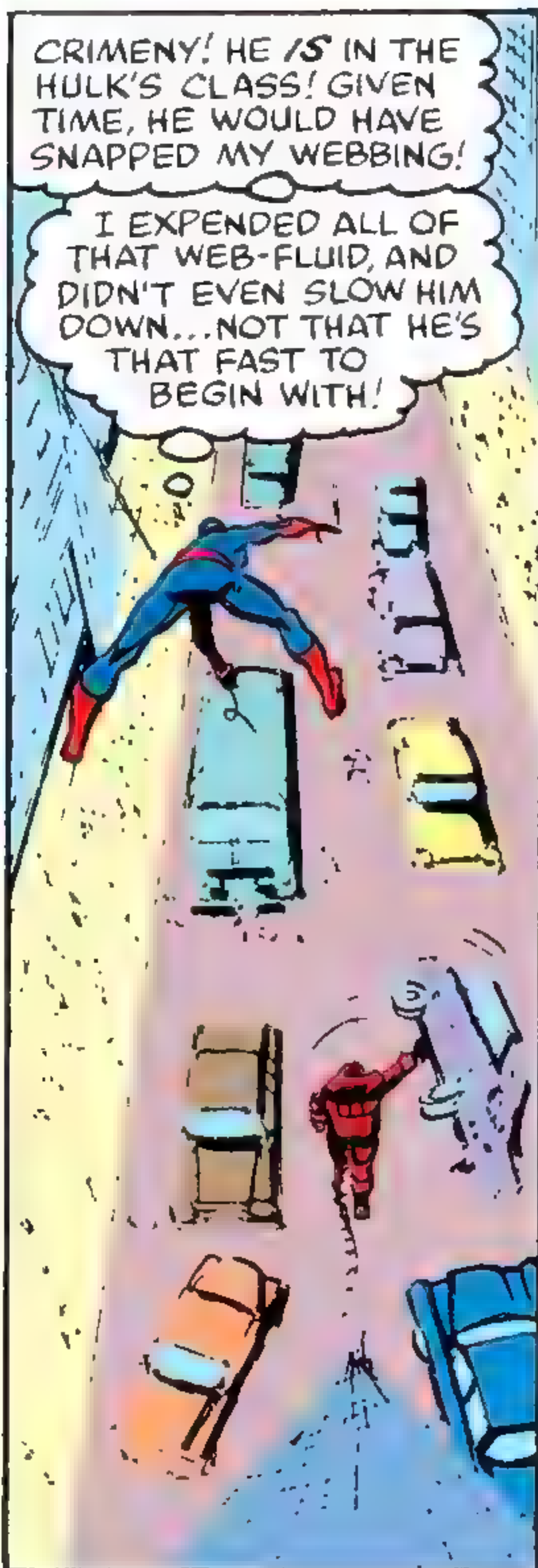


YET THE JUGGERNAUT RUMBLES ON, STRETCHING SPIDER-MAN'S WEB TO THE LIMIT OF ITS ELASTICITY!



SHRUGGING FREE OF THE NOW-SLACK NET, JUGGERNAUT WALKS ON...

...NEVER MISSING A STEP!



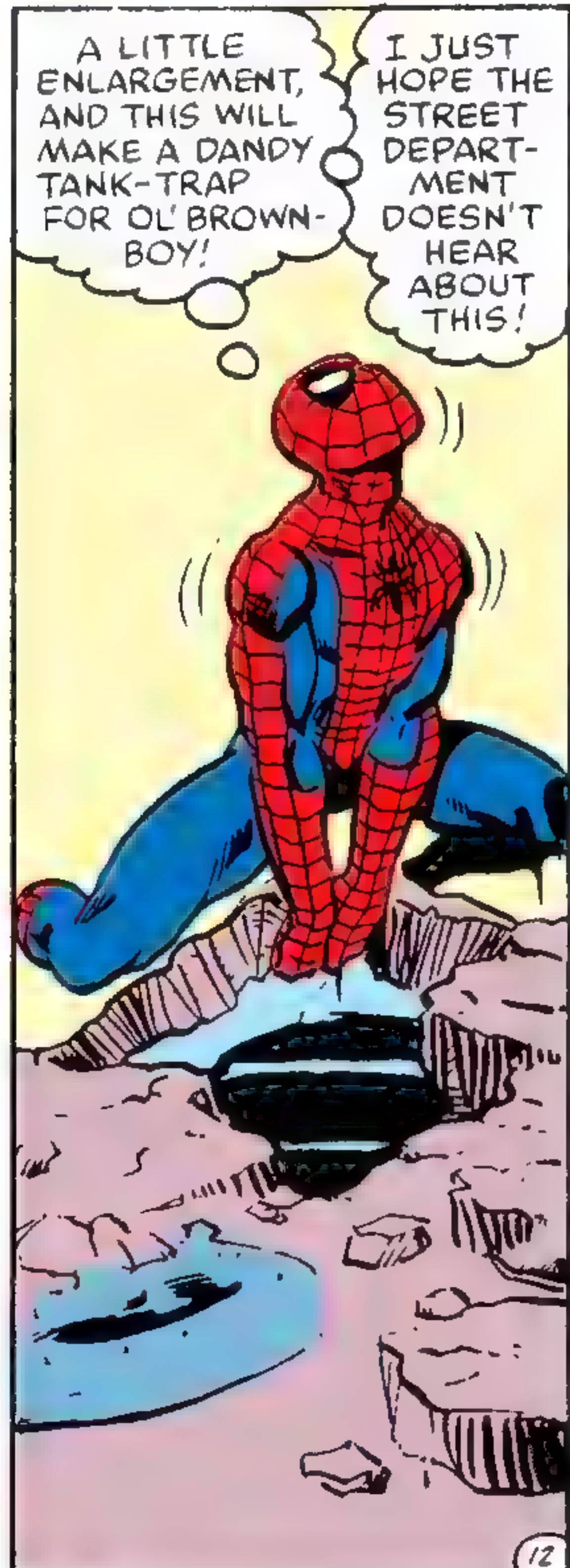
CRIMENY! HE *IS* IN THE HULK'S CLASS! GIVEN TIME, HE WOULD HAVE SNAPPED MY WEBBING!

I EXPENDED ALL OF THAT WEB-FLUID, AND DIDN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN...NOT THAT HE'S THAT FAST TO BEGIN WITH!



OUT-DISTANCING HIM IS A SNAP! IF I COULD ONLY STOP HIM AS EASILY!

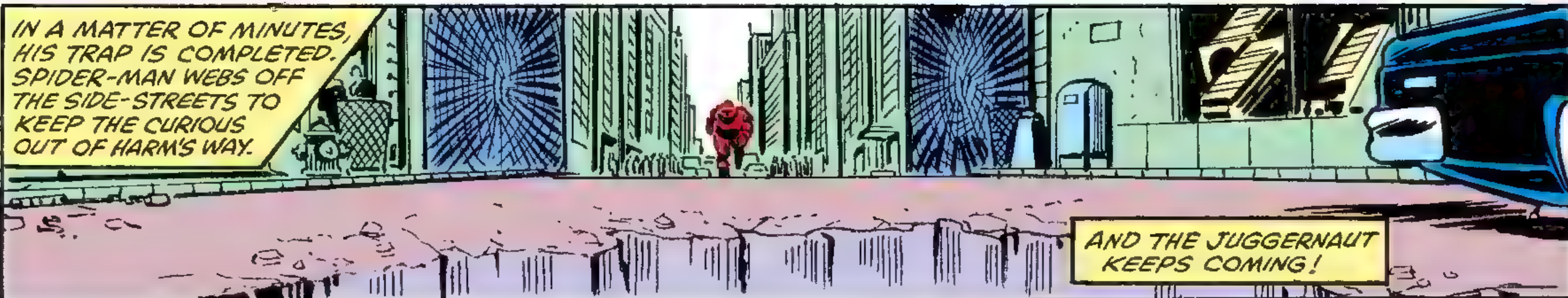
OH-HO! WHAT'S THIS? A POT HOLE!



A LITTLE ENLARGEMENT, AND THIS WILL MAKE A DANDY TANK-TRAP FOR OL' BROWN-BOY!

I JUST HOPE THE STREET DEPARTMENT DOESN'T HEAR ABOUT THIS!





IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, HIS TRAP IS COMPLETED. SPIDER-MAN WEBS OFF THE SIDE-STREETS TO KEEP THE CURIOUS OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

AND THE JUGGERNAUT KEEPS COMING!

HE'S ALMOST IN POSITION. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DRAW HIS ATTENTION, SO HE DOESN'T SEE THE HOLE!

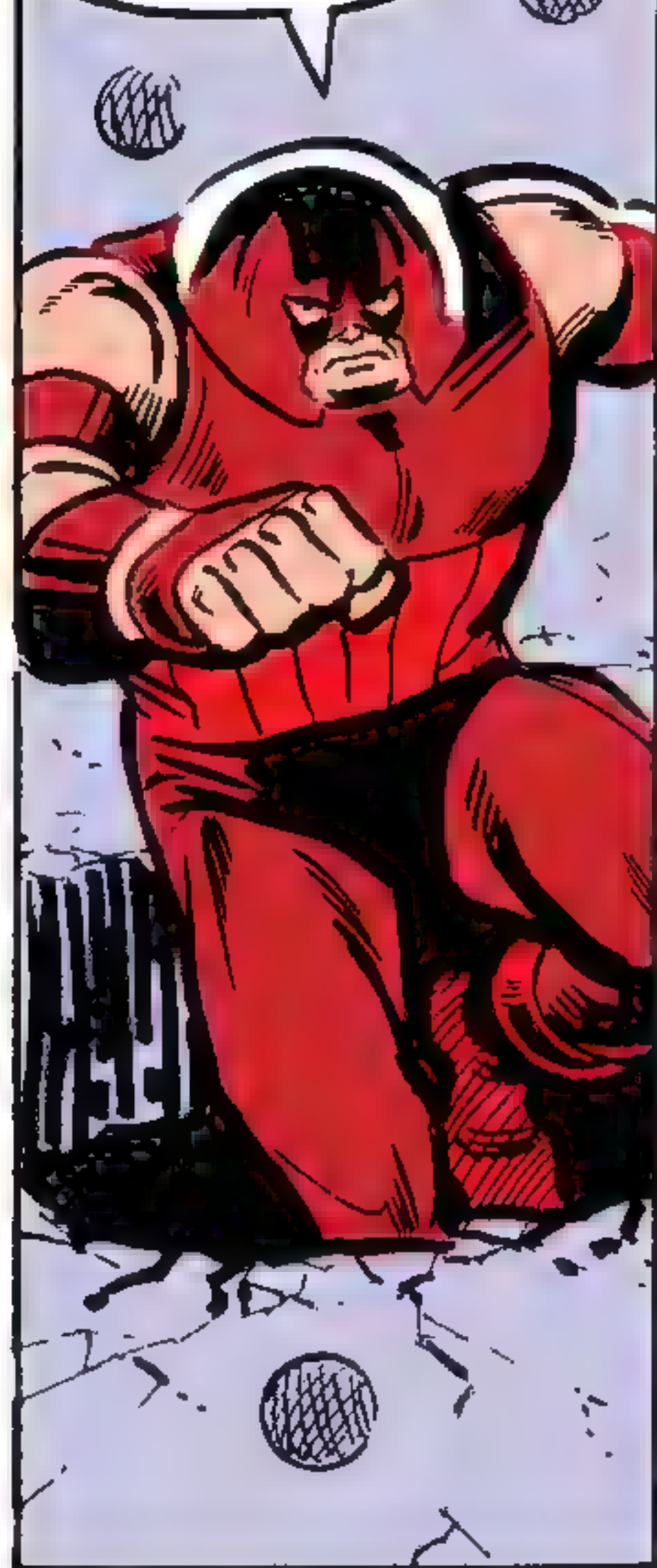


YOO-HOO, LAUGHING BOY! WANNA PLAY CATCH?

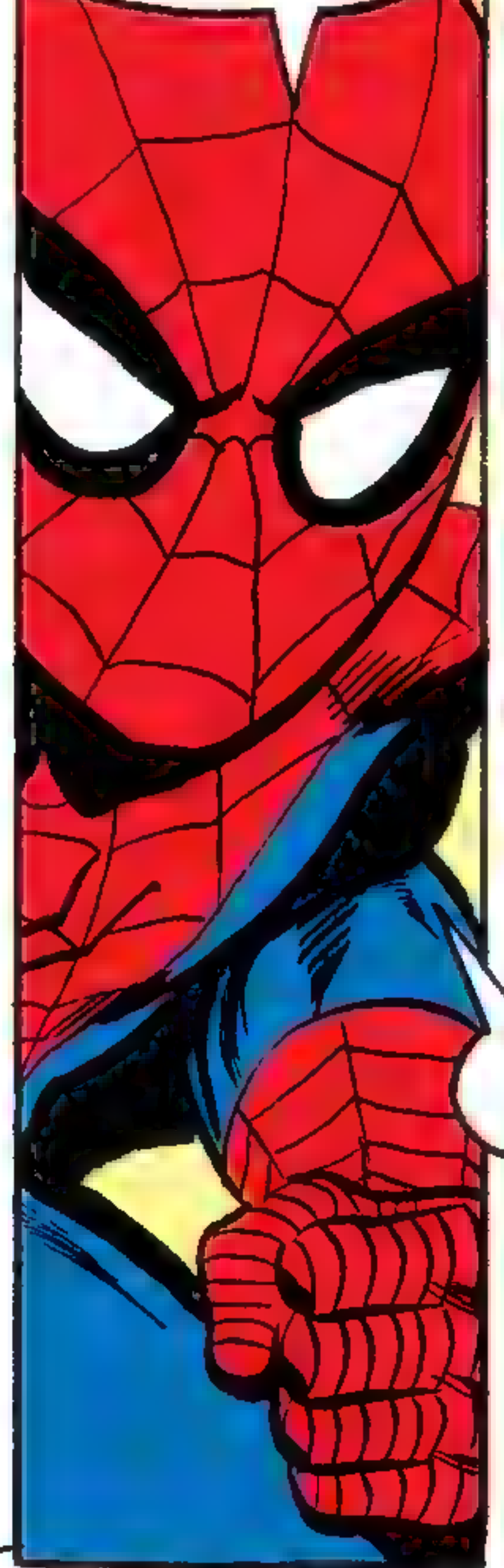
EH? WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

OH, I GET IT-- YOU WANTED ME TO TAKE A FALL!

IS THIS HOLE SUPPOSED TO HOLD ME?



THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA, PAL! WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE DOWN THERE, UNTIL THE COPS CAN...



OH, NO.

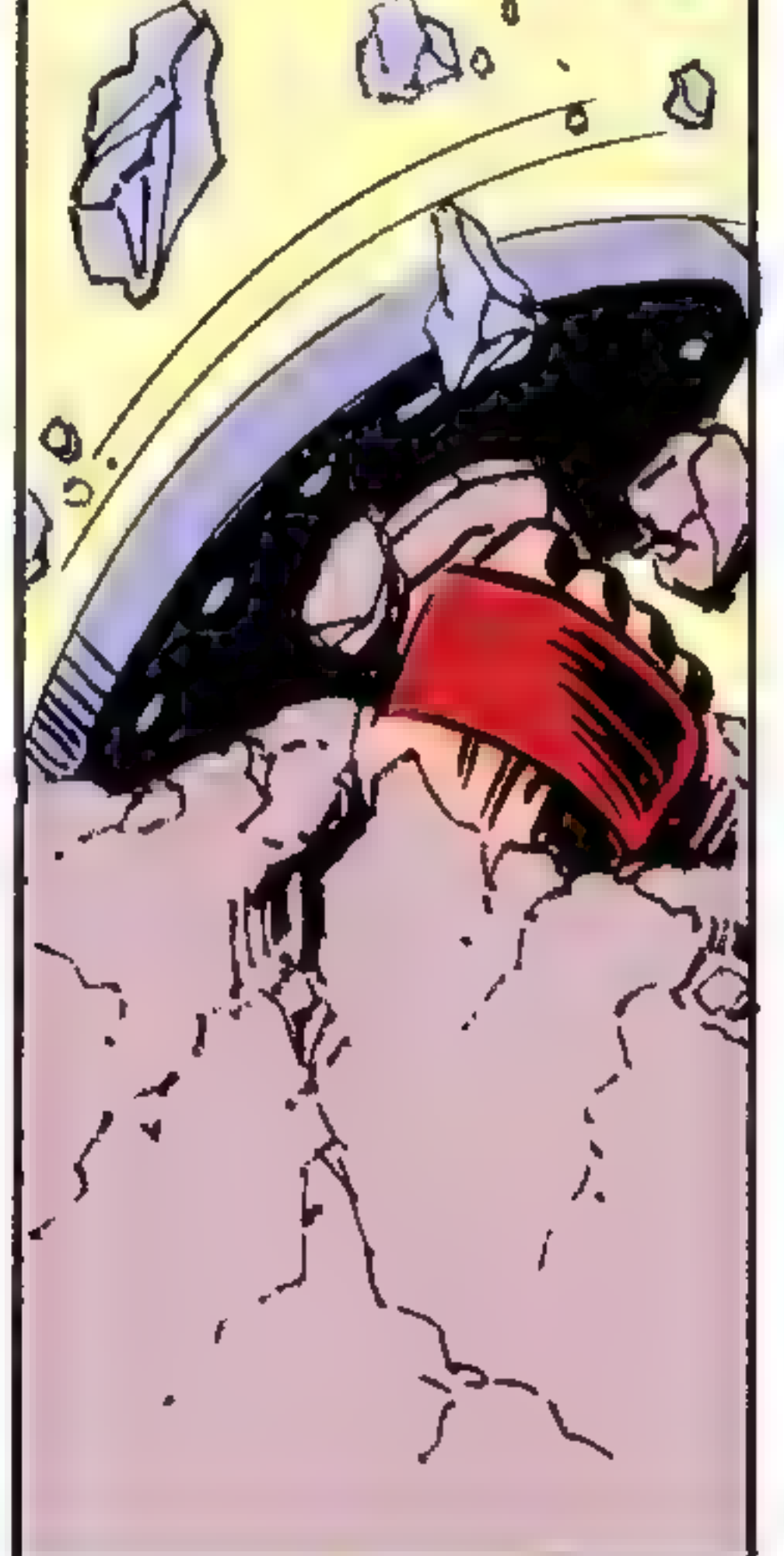
BOOM

BOOM

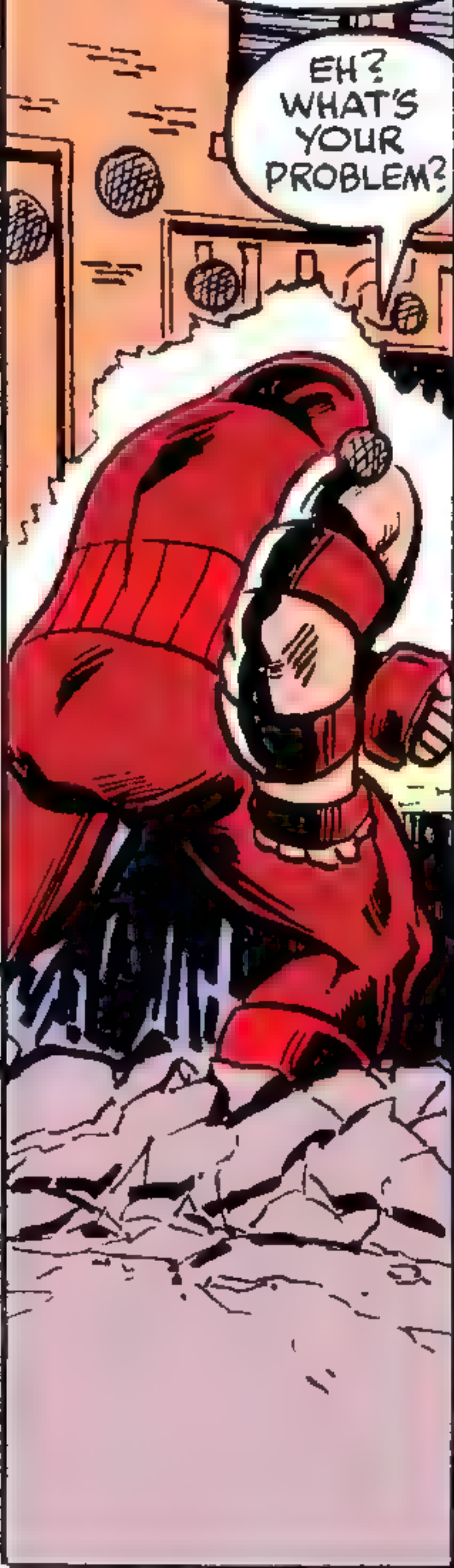
BOOM



BOOM



OKAY, PAL, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!



STUPID! NOTHING HOLDS THE JUGGERNAUT!

JUGGERNAUT?! WELL, HE CERTAINLY LIVES UP TO HIS NAME!

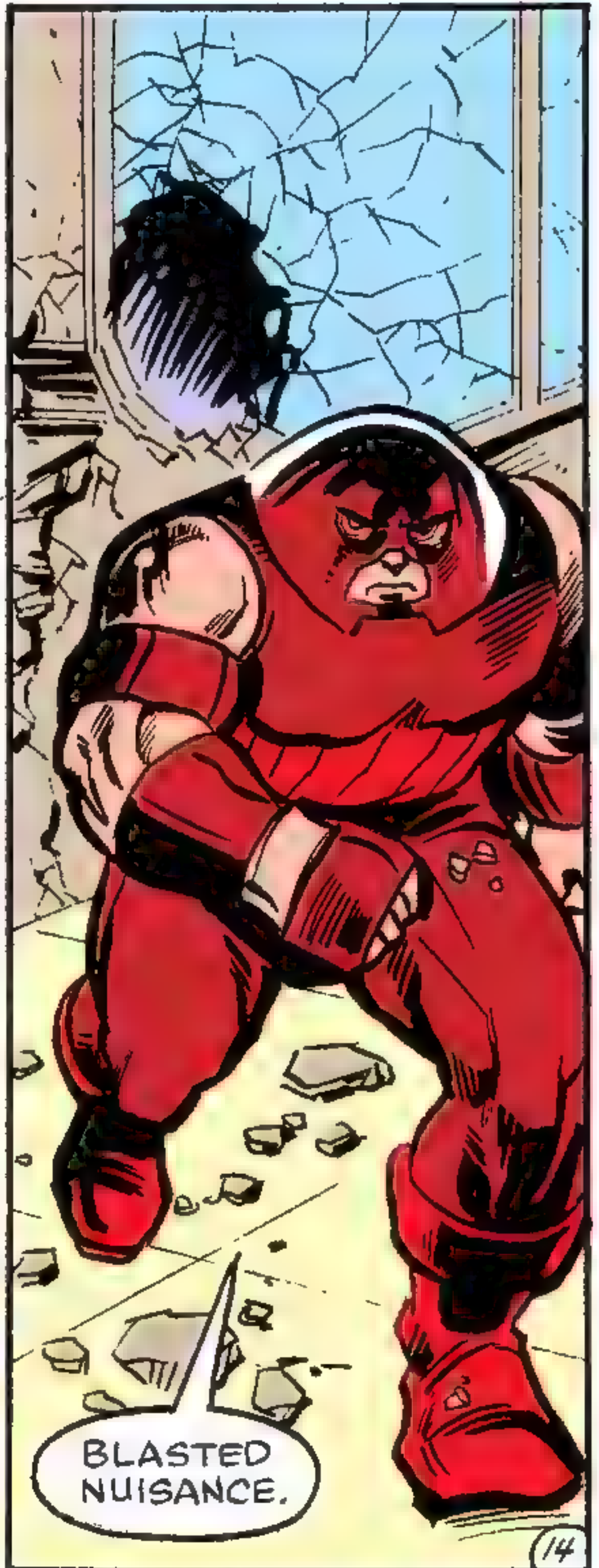
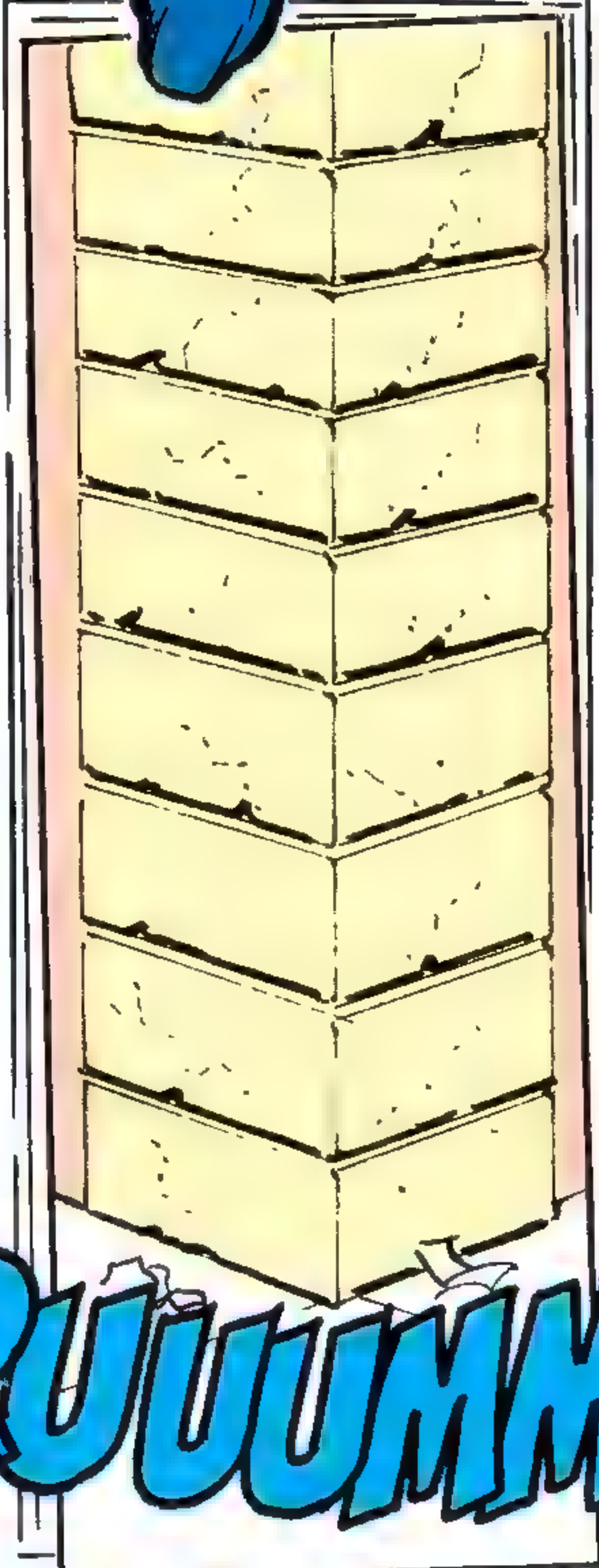
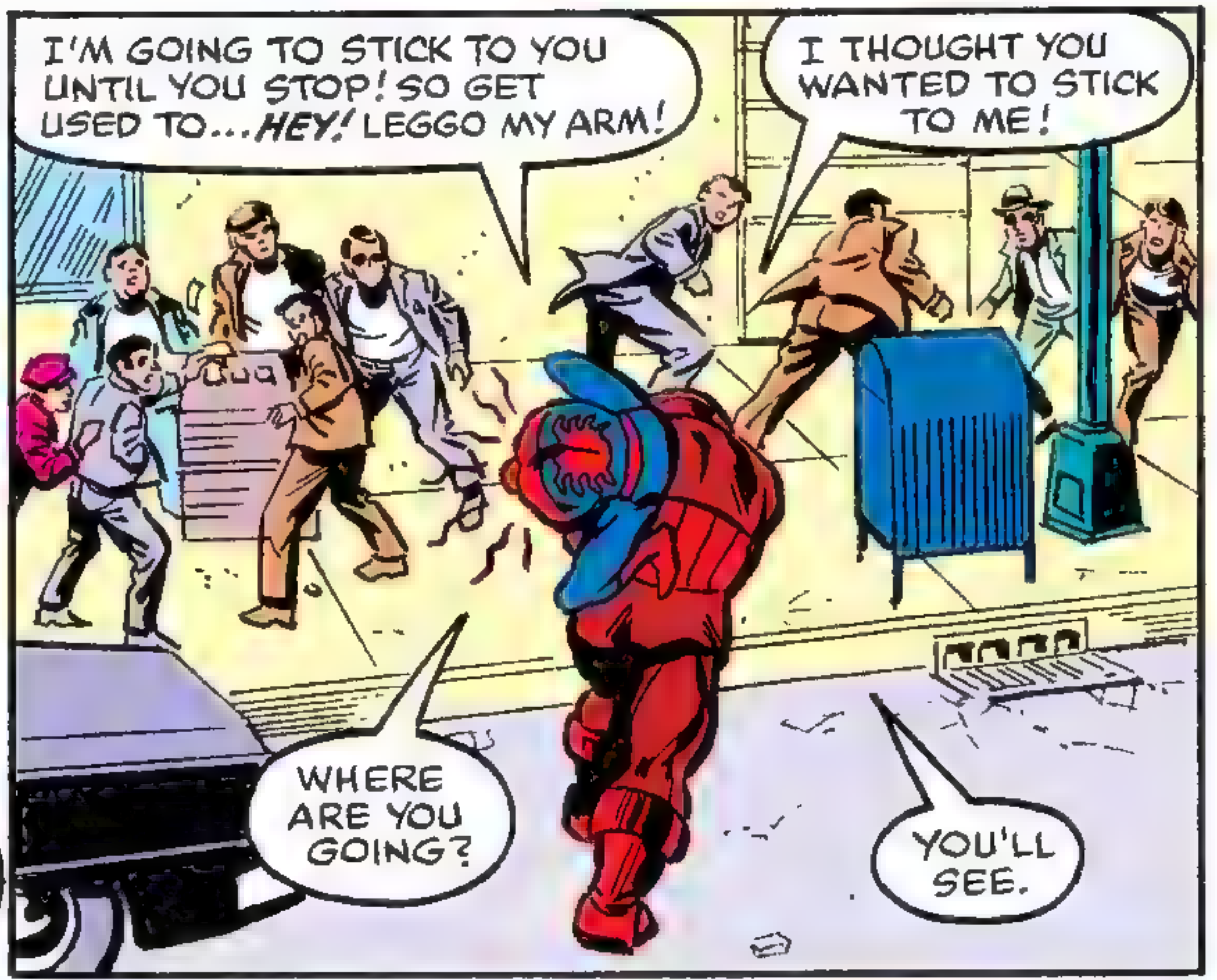


LOOKS LIKE THERE'S JUST ONE WAY TO STOP HIM!



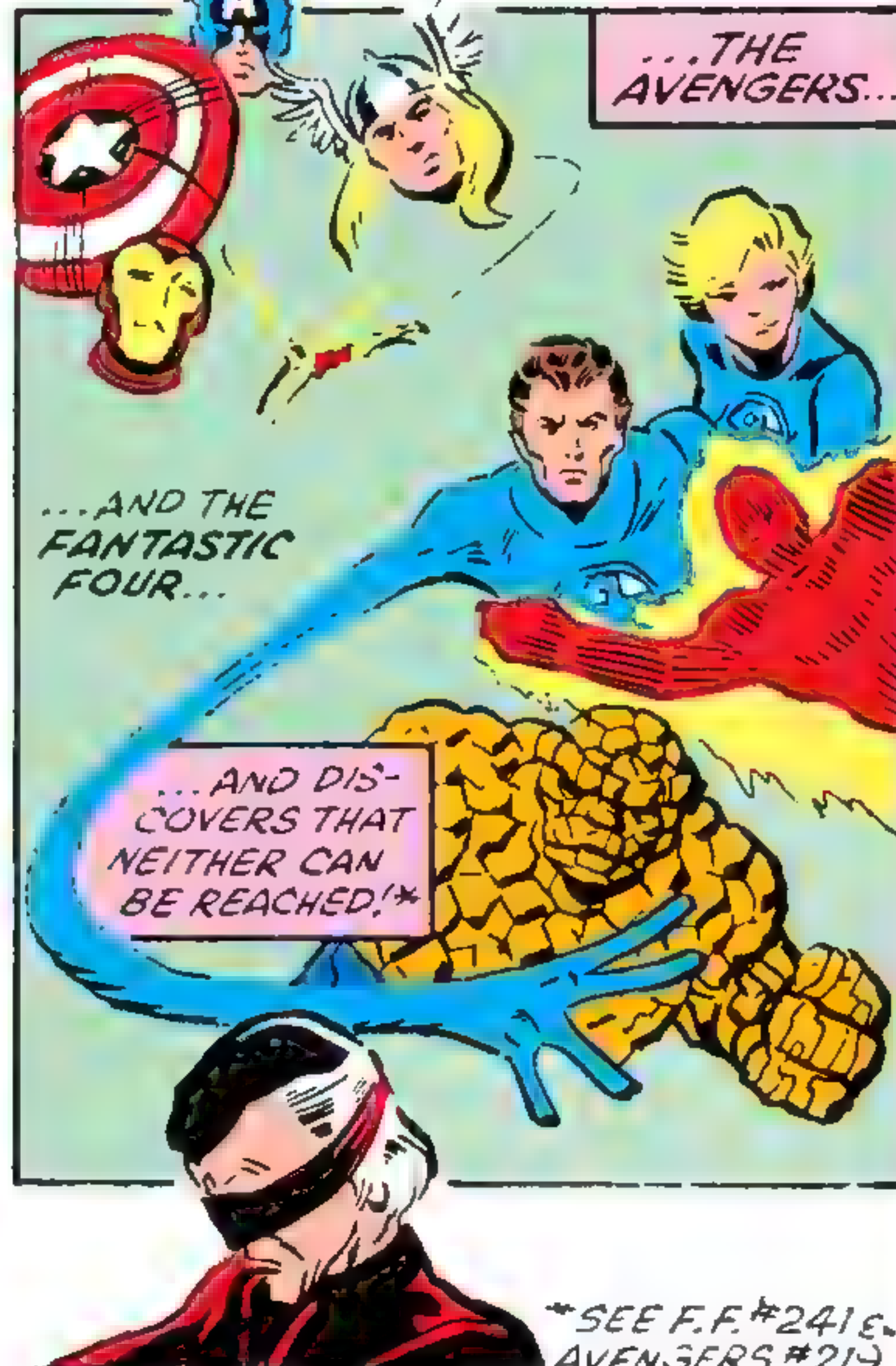
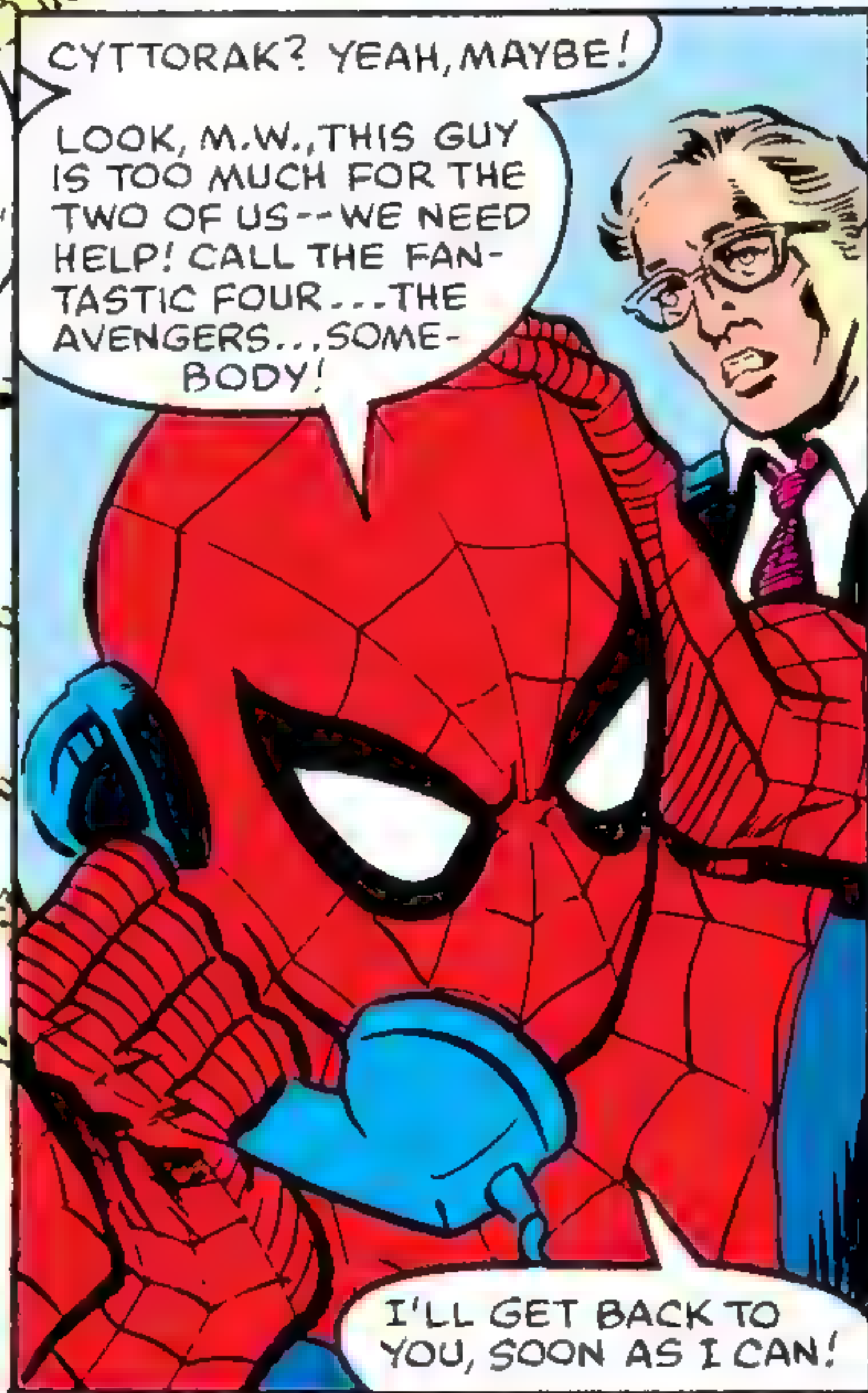
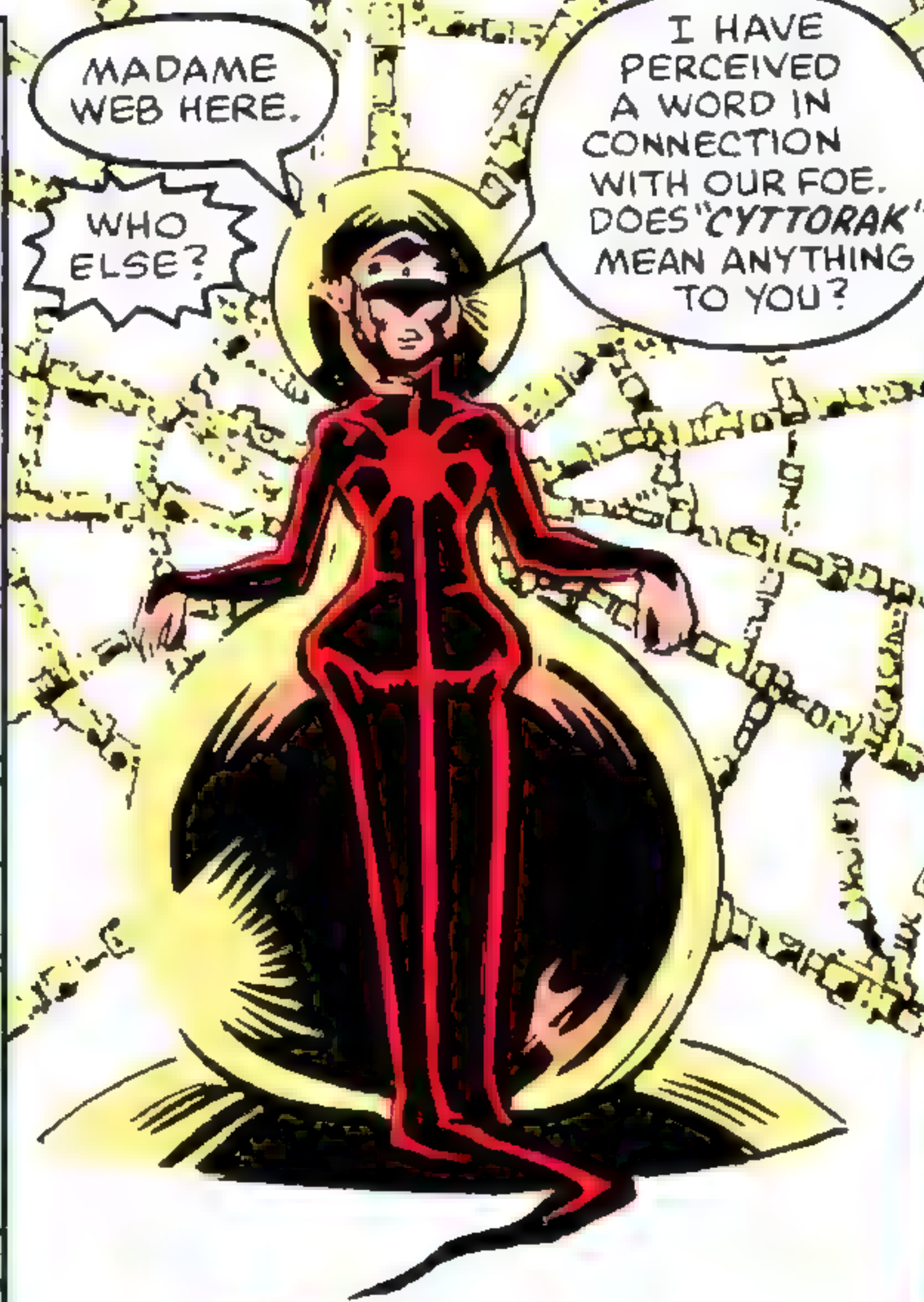
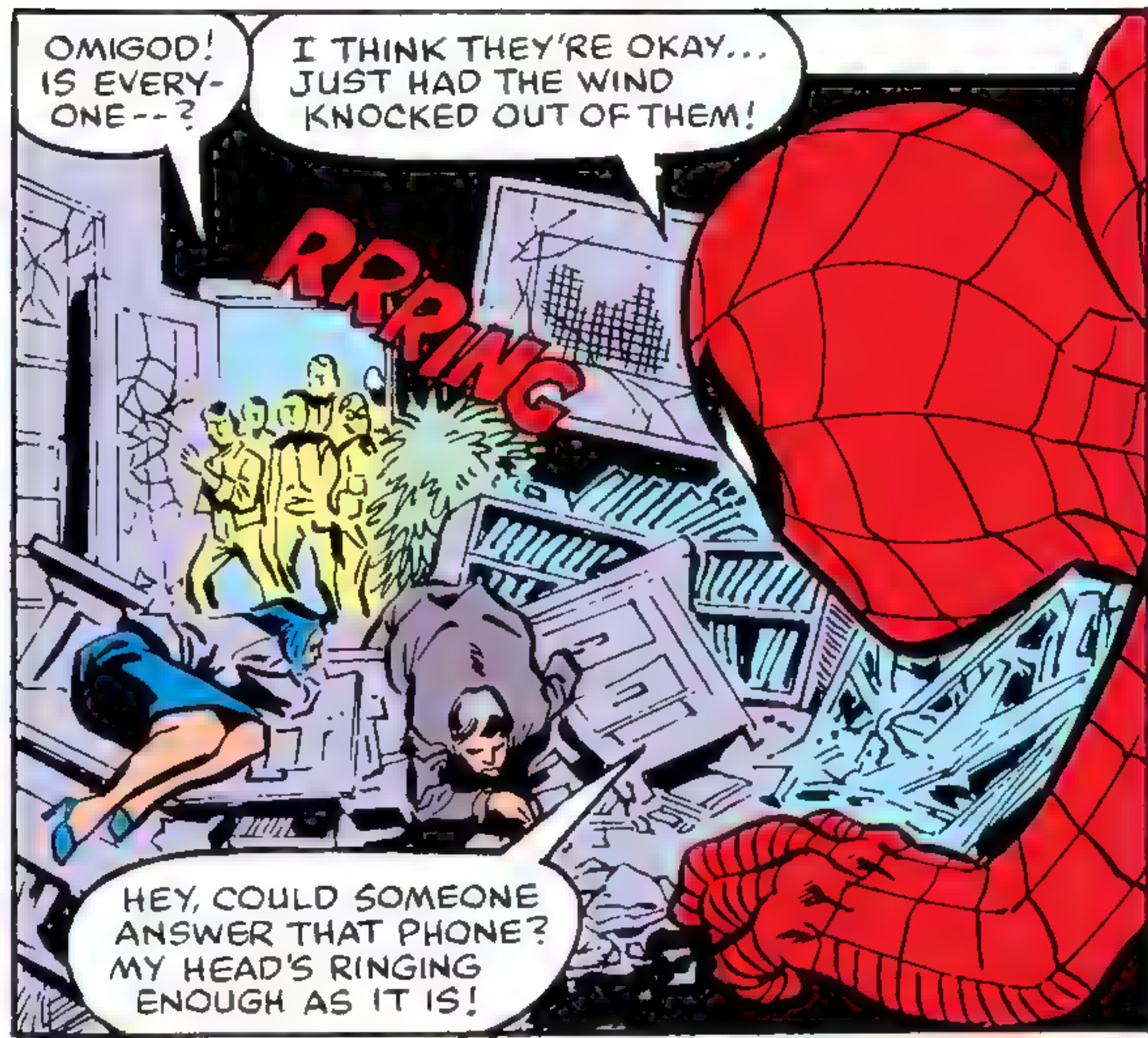
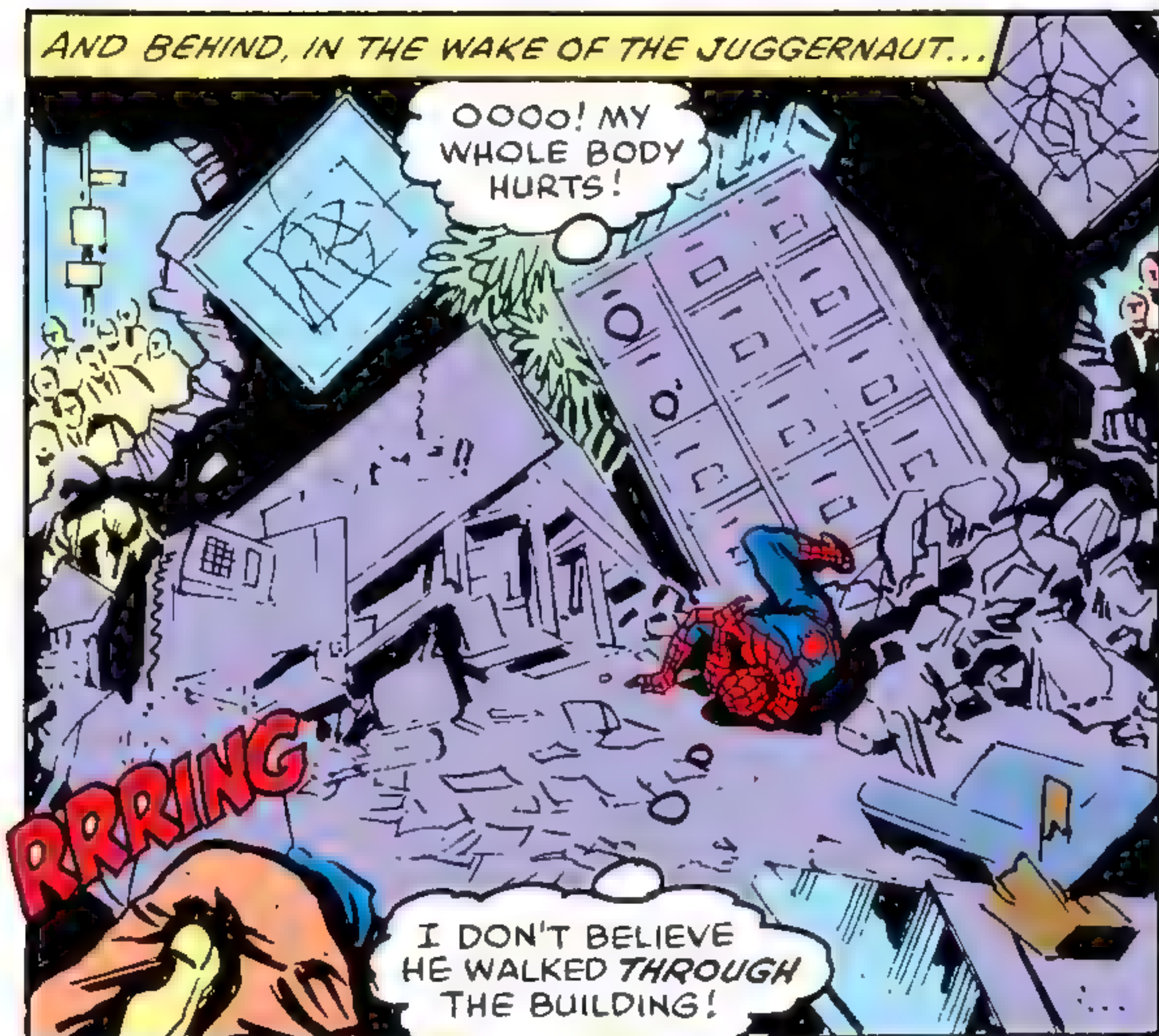
OUT OF MY WAY, LITTLE MAN!



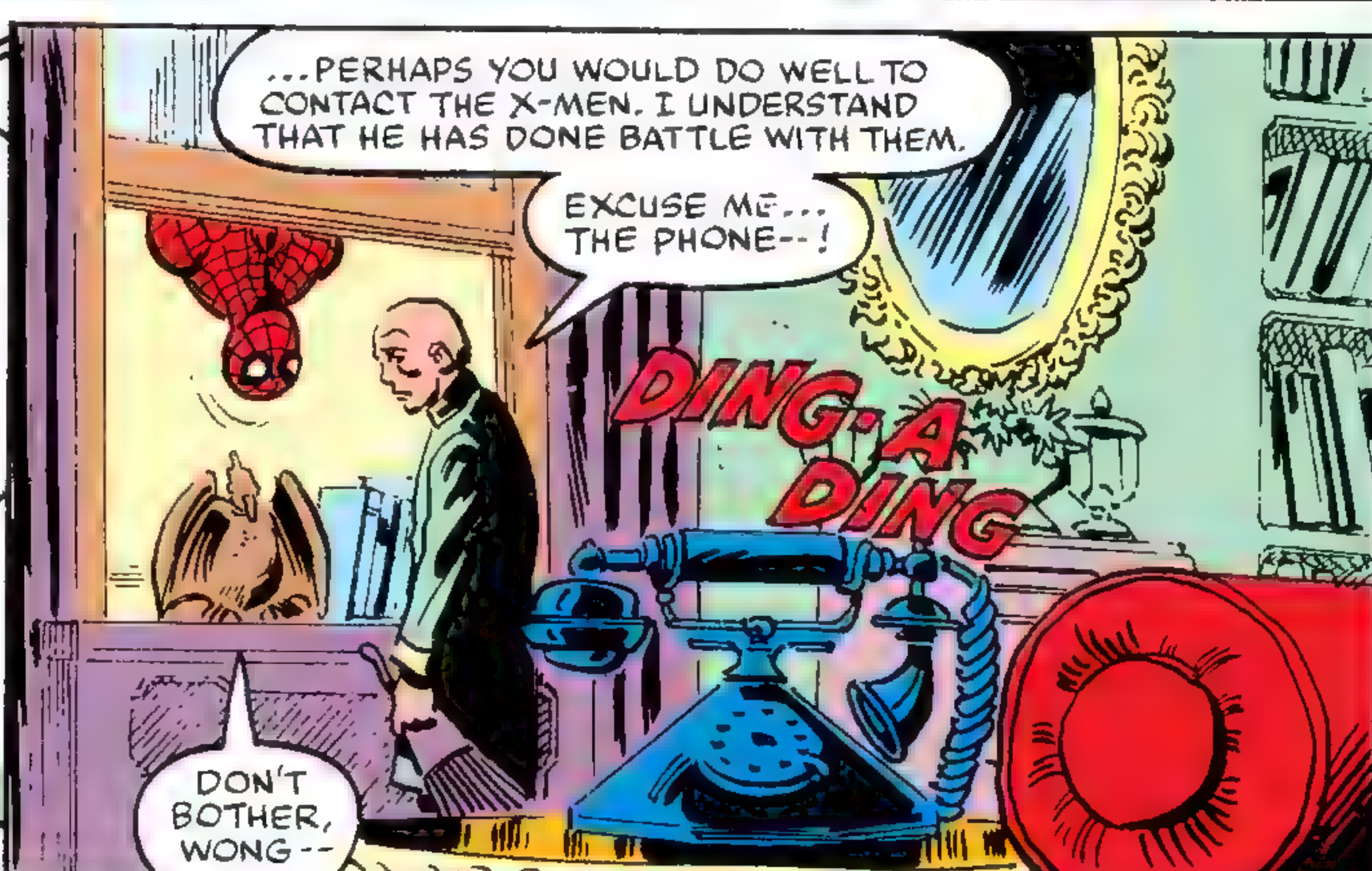
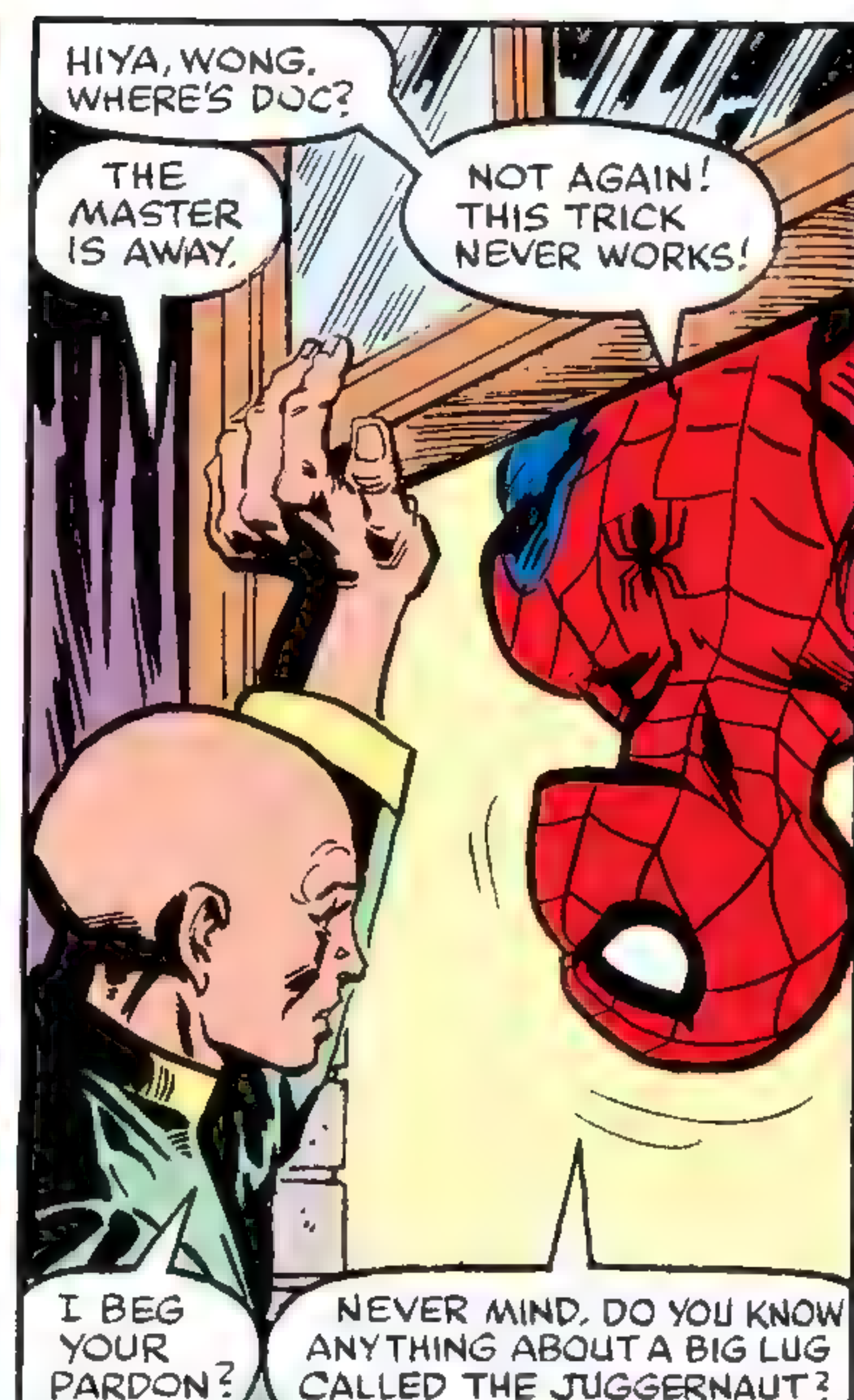


KRRUUUMMMBB











SWIFTLY SWINGING UPTOWN, SPIDER-MAN SURVEYS THE RESULTS OF JUGGERNAUT'S PASSAGE...

THAT'S THE WORST TRAFFIC JAM I'VE SEEN IN MONTHS!

THERE'S NOT MUCH DOUBT AS TO WHO'S TO BLAME!

THWIP

SEVERAL BLOCKS LATER...

YEP, JUGGERNAUT'S BEEN HERE ALL RIGHT!

AND HE'S GETTING CLOSER TO MADAME WEB'S PLACE! I'D BETTER GET THERE AHEAD OF HIM!

AT THAT MOMENT, A MERE TEN BLOCKS FROM MADAME WEB'S APARTMENT...

THAT TIP WE GOT WAS ON THE LEVEL! STOP HIM!

HOW, SARGE? HE'S SHRUGGIN' OFF .45 SHELLS LIKE THEY WERE MARSHMALLOWS!

BAH! IS THIS THE BEST THE POLICE CAN THROW AT ME? SPIDER-MAN WAS MORE OF A CHALLENGE!

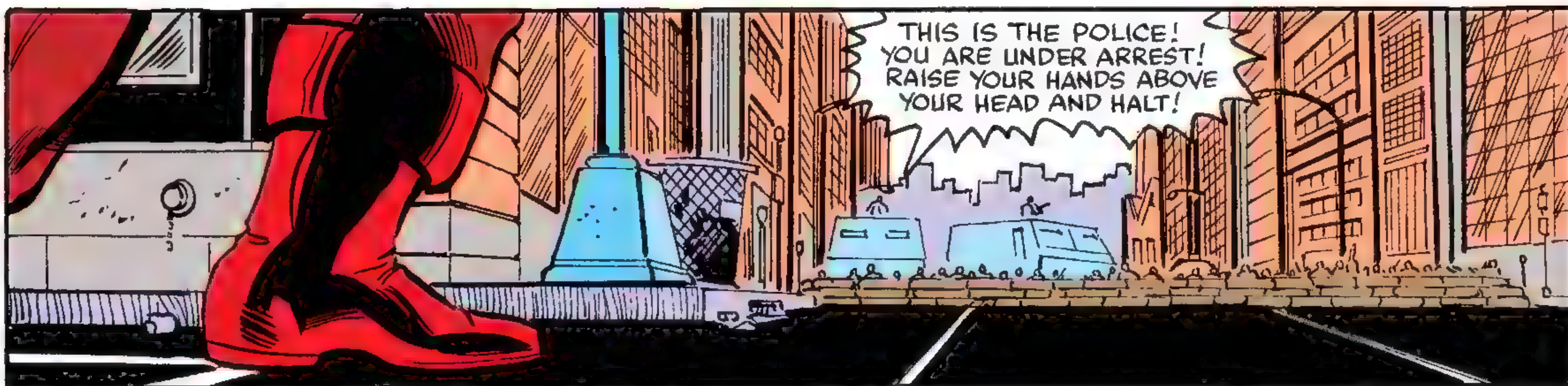
BUT HOW CAN THEY KNOW -- HOW CAN THEY BEGIN TO GRASP -- JUST HOW LITTLE THEIR ATTACK MEANS TO ONE WHO HAS WITHSTOOD THE BLUDGEONING POWER OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK?!

UNKNOWN TO THE JUGGERNAUT, MANY OF THE THREE DOZEN POLICEMEN WHO WAIT FOR HIM DOWN THE STREET, HAVE ALSO FACED THE HULK BEFORE.

THESE ARE THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE...

...THIRTY-SIX CRACK PATROLMEN, ASSEMBLED UNDER THE COMMAND OF LT. KRIS KEATING AS THE N.Y.P.D.'S SPECIAL WEAPONS TASK FORCE!



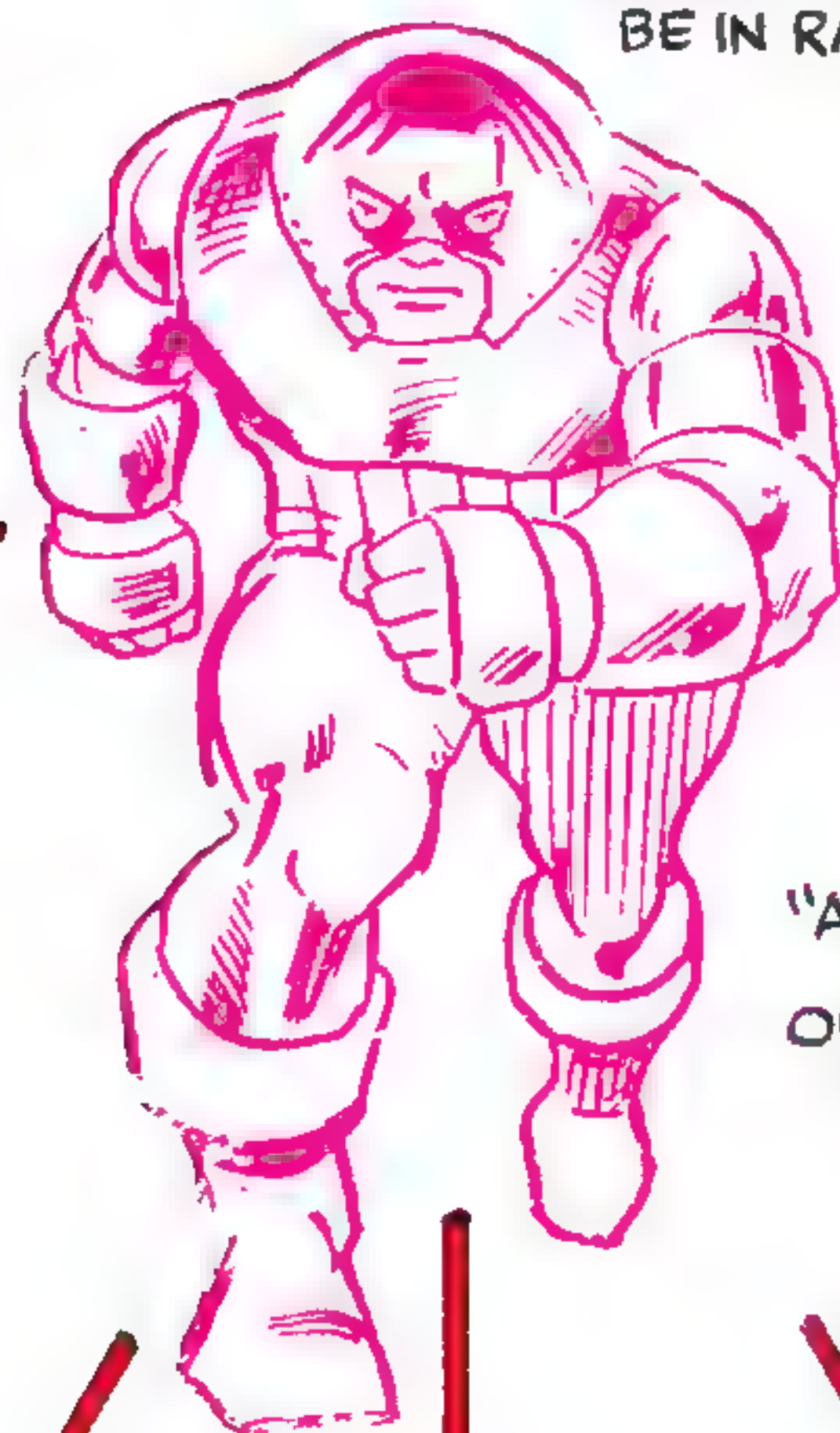


THIS IS THE POLICE!  
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!  
RAISE YOUR HANDS ABOVE  
YOUR HEAD AND HALT!

"SIR, HE'S  
NOT  
STOPPING!"

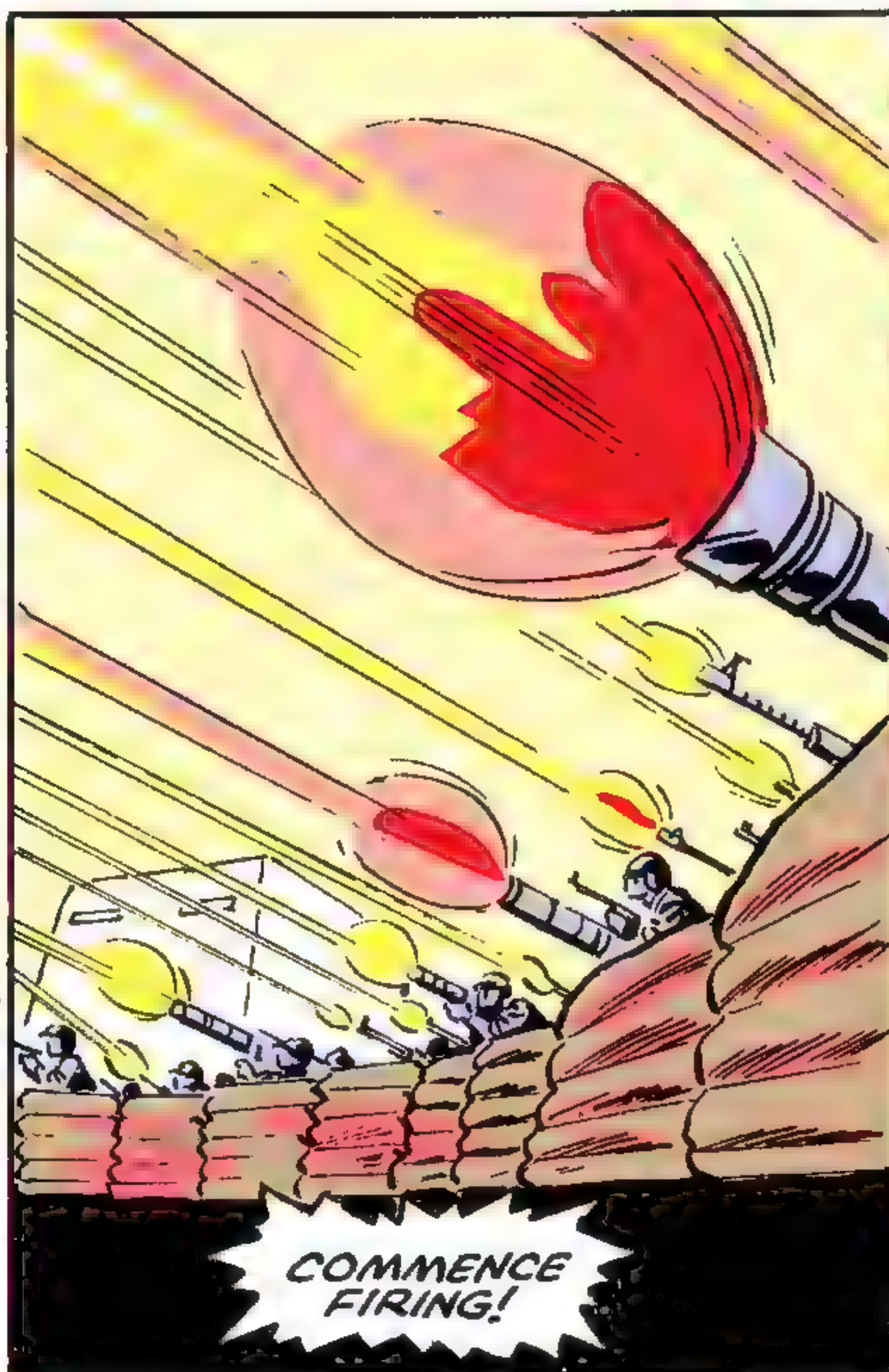
"LOOK AT  
THE SIZE  
OF 'IM!"

"SIR, INFRA-RED  
SCOPES SHOW  
SUBJECT TO  
BE IN RANGE!"



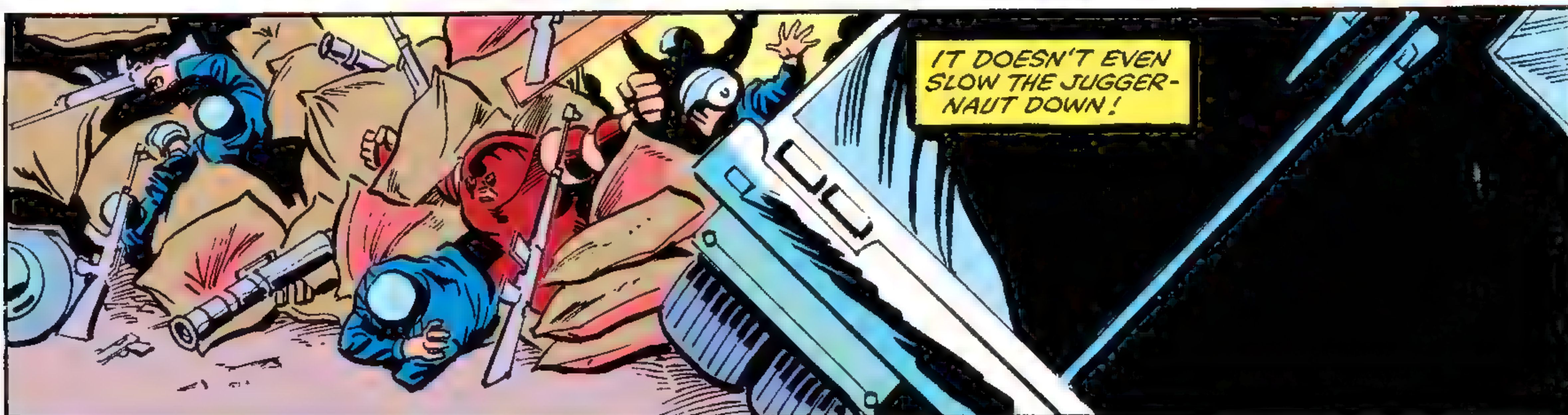
"AWAIT-  
ING  
ORDERS,  
SIR."

"SIR?"

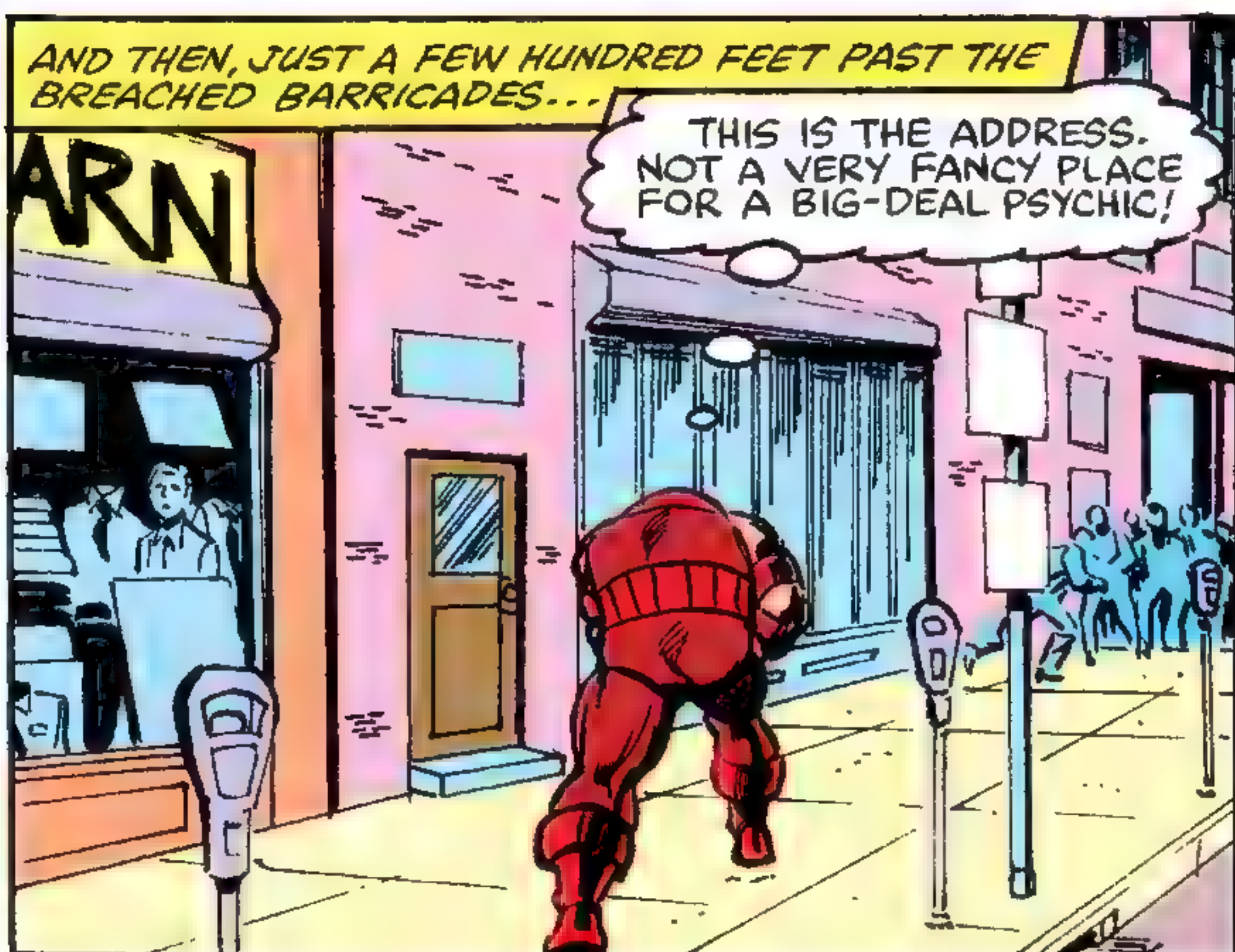


COMMENCE  
FIRING!

THIS CONCENTRATED ARTILLERY  
BARRAGE WOULD REDUCE A  
HOUSE TO SPLINTERS.

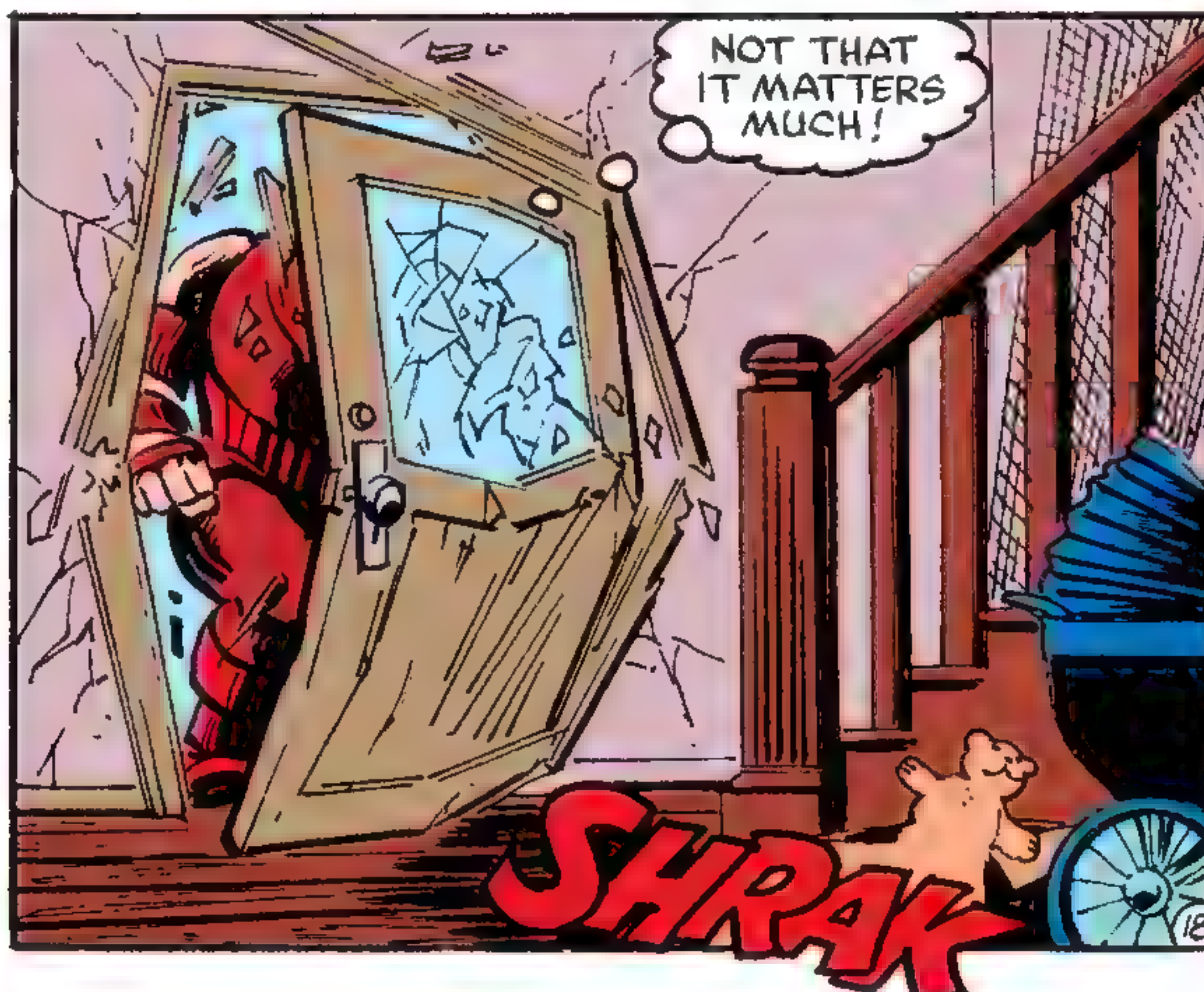


IT DOESN'T EVEN  
SLOW THE JUGGER-  
NAUT DOWN!



AND THEN, JUST A FEW HUNDRED FEET PAST THE  
BREACHED BARRICADES...

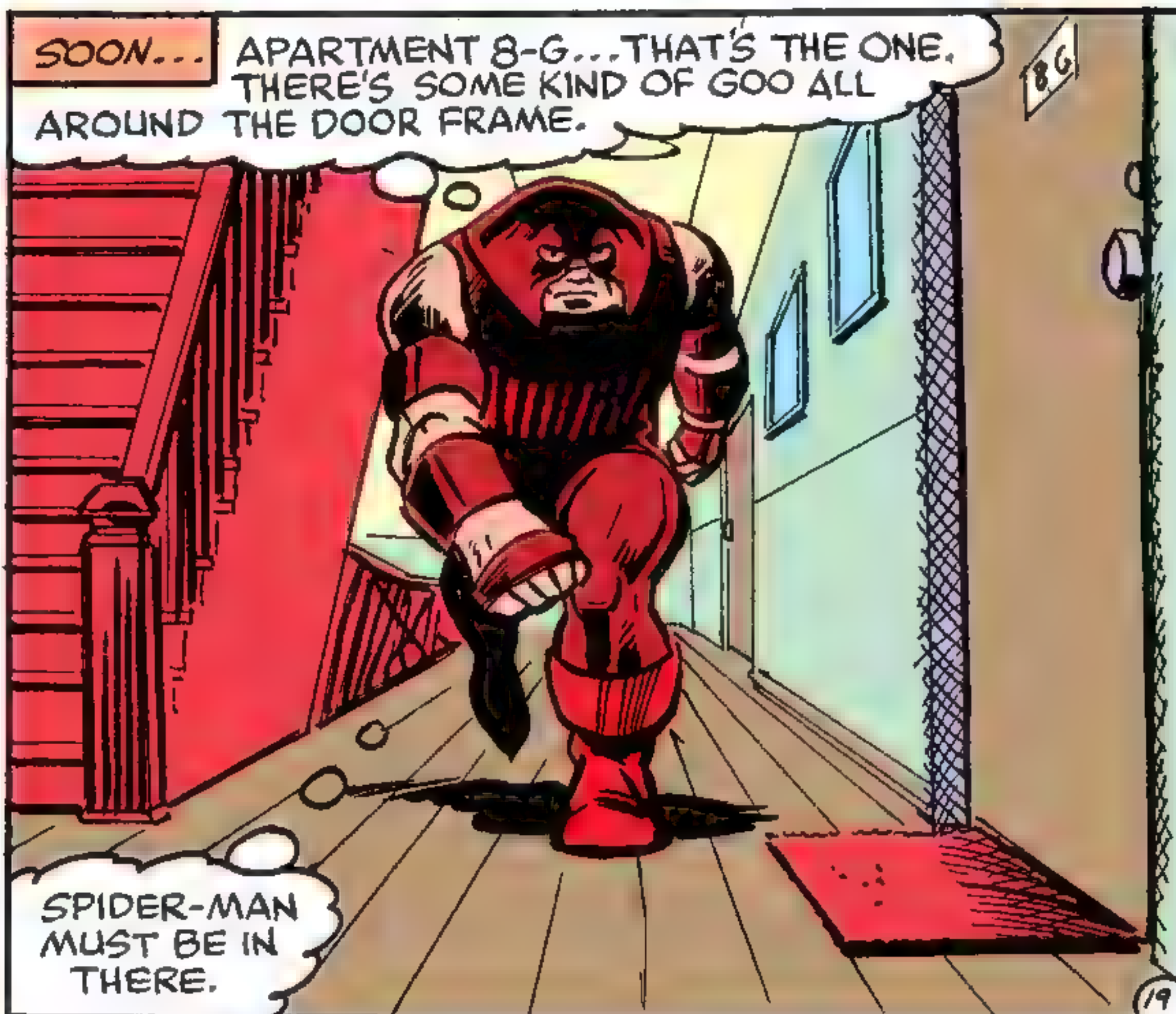
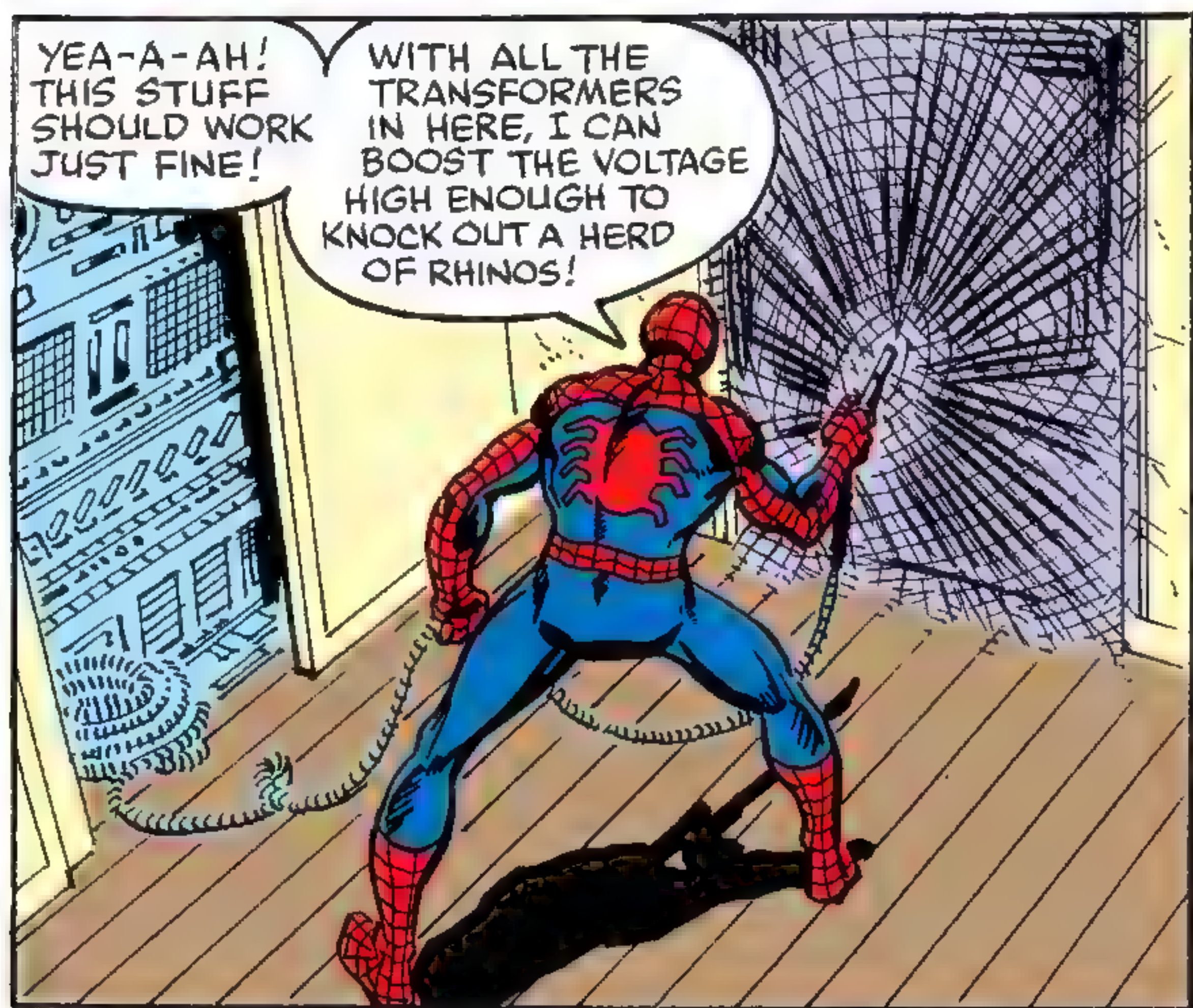
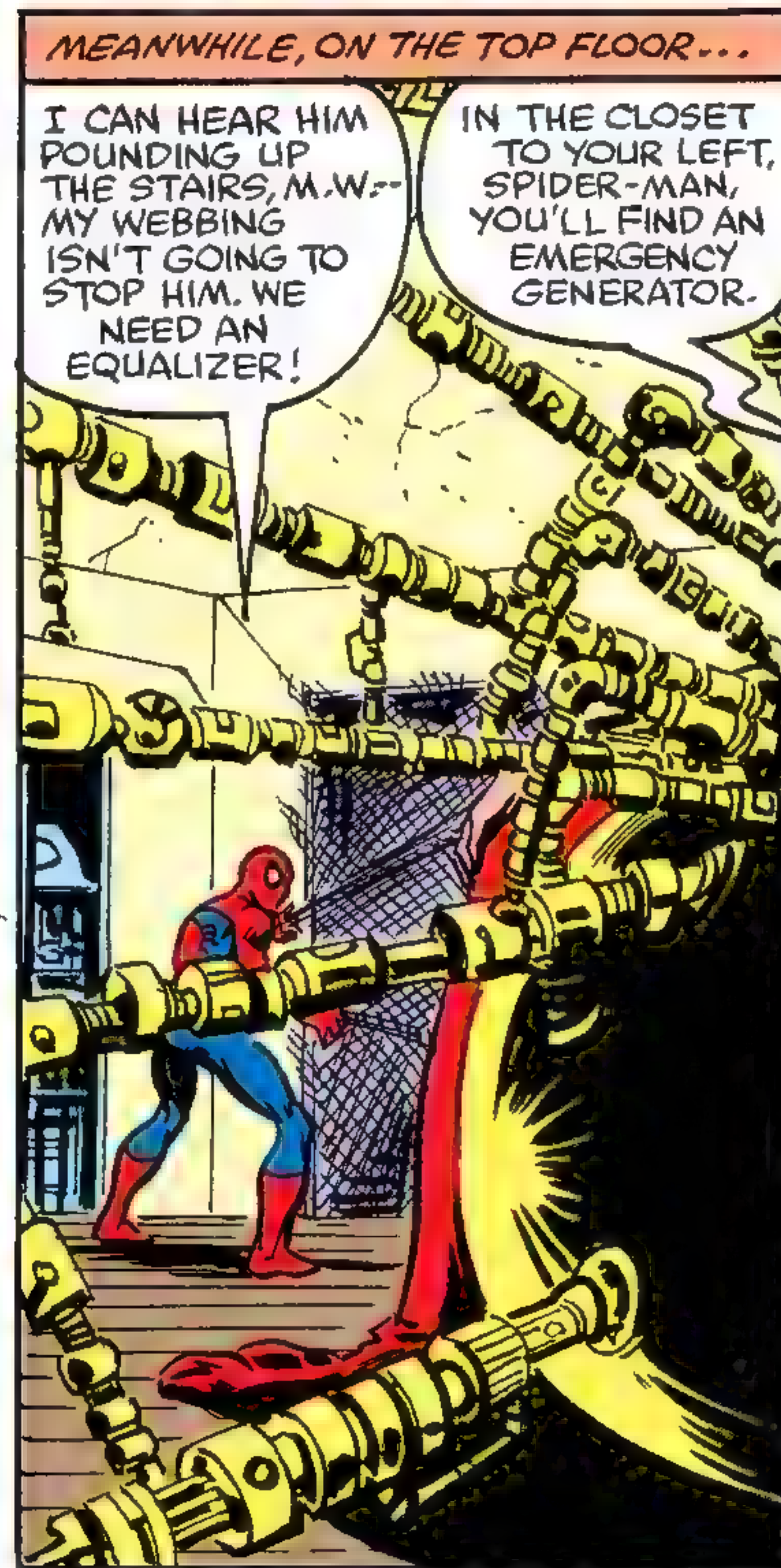
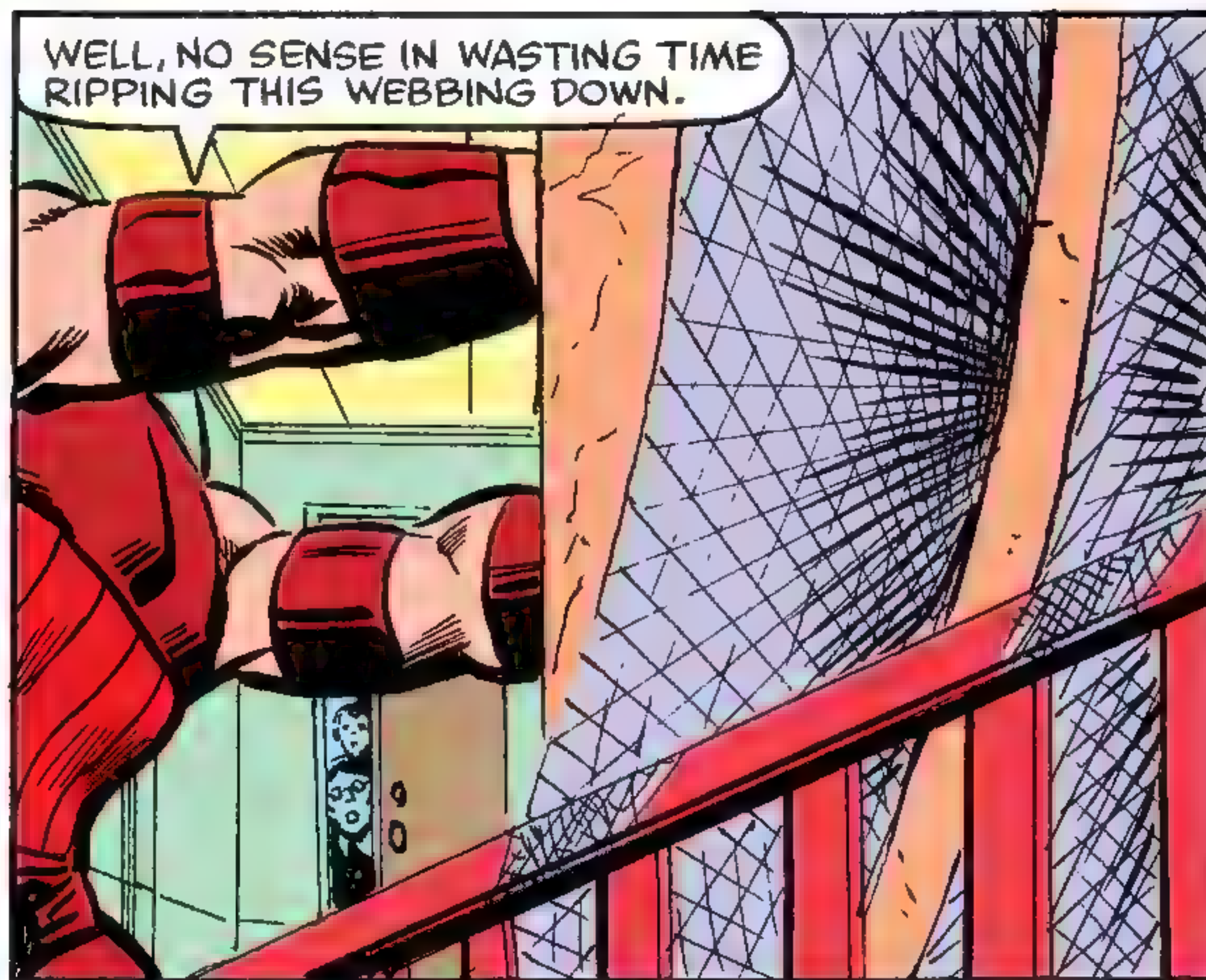
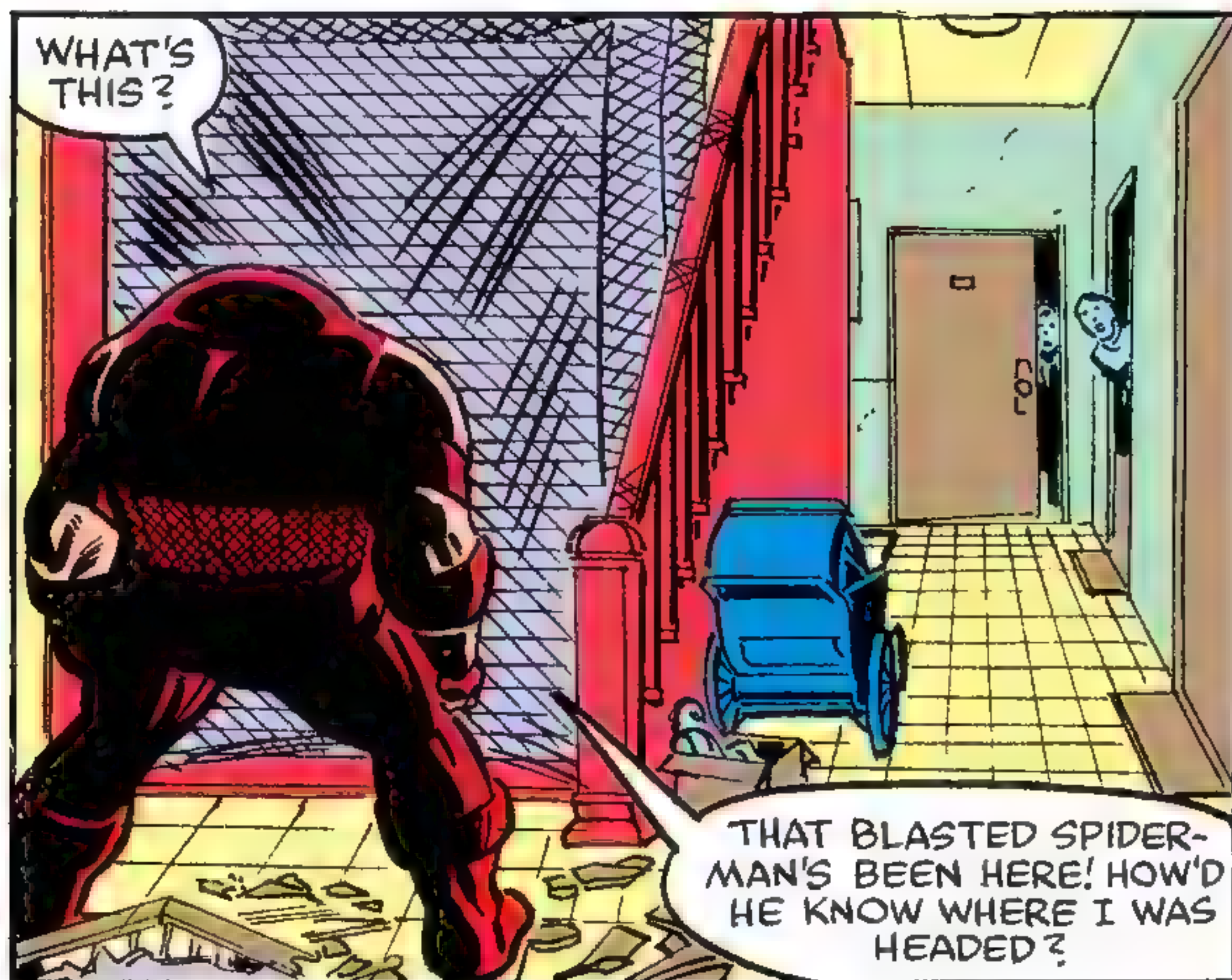
THIS IS THE ADDRESS.  
NOT A VERY FANCY PLACE  
FOR A BIG-DEAL PSYCHIC!



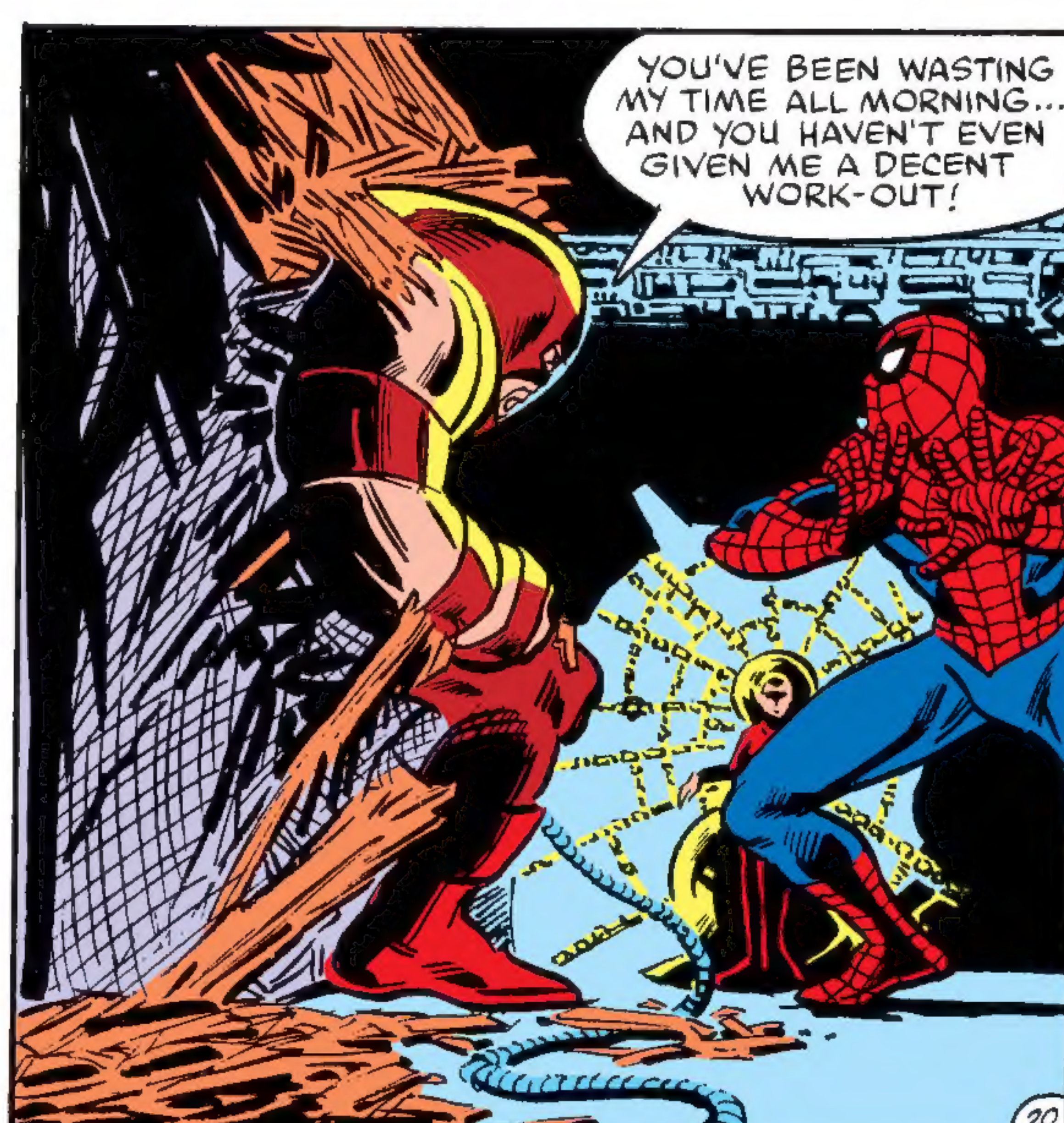
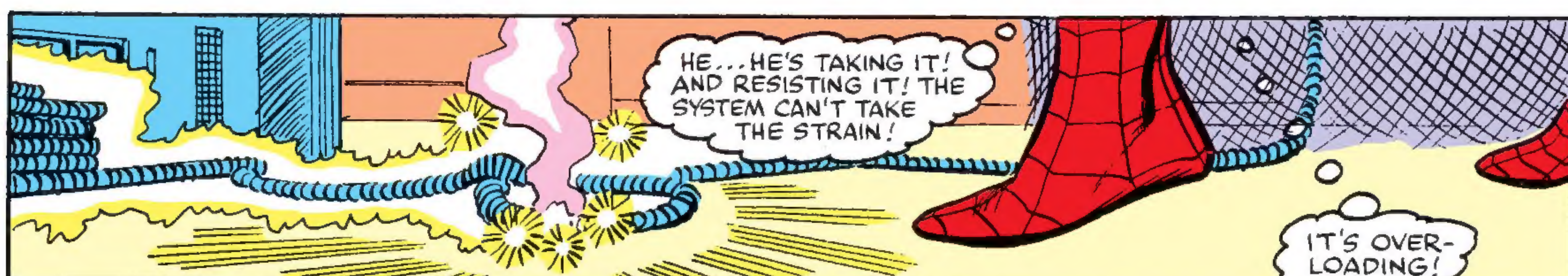
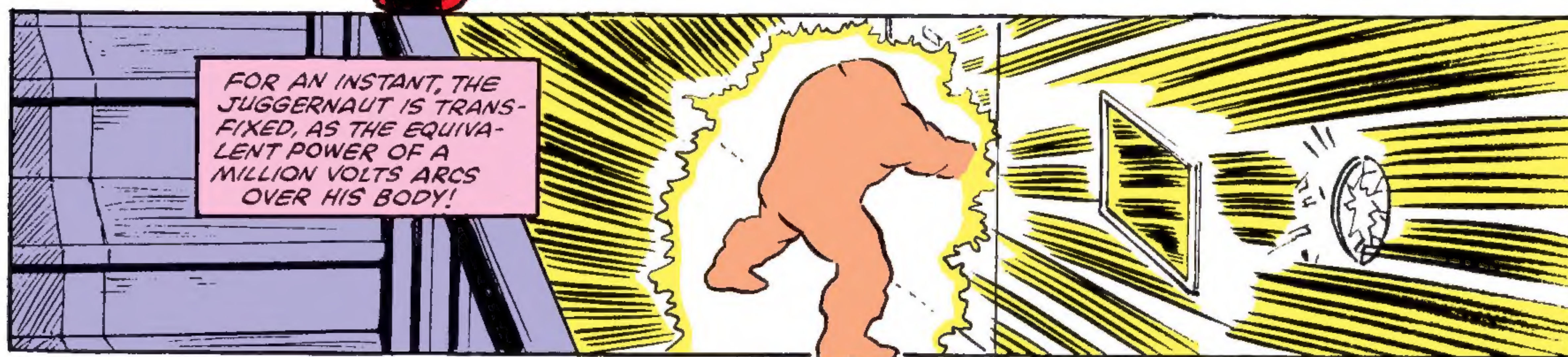
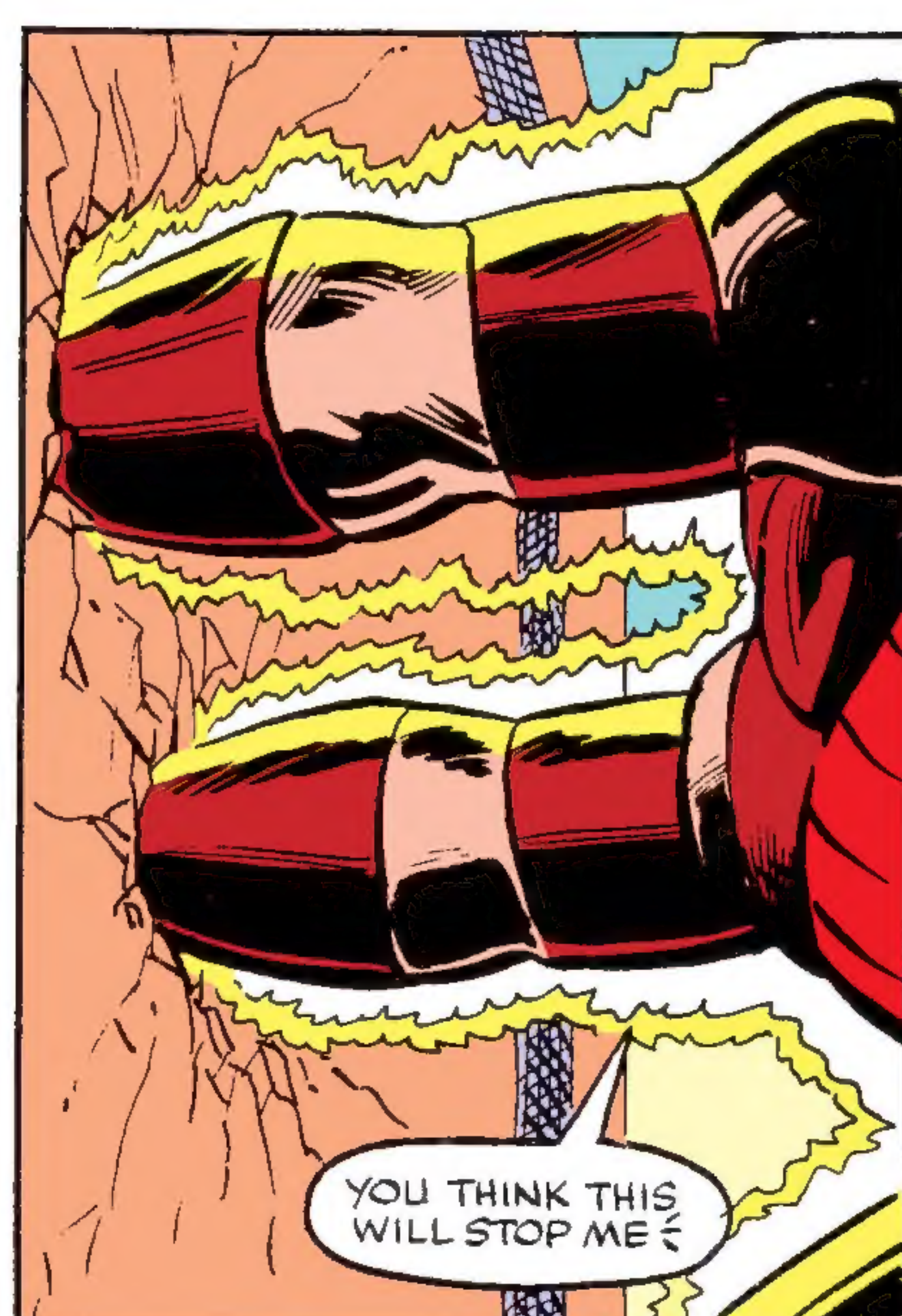
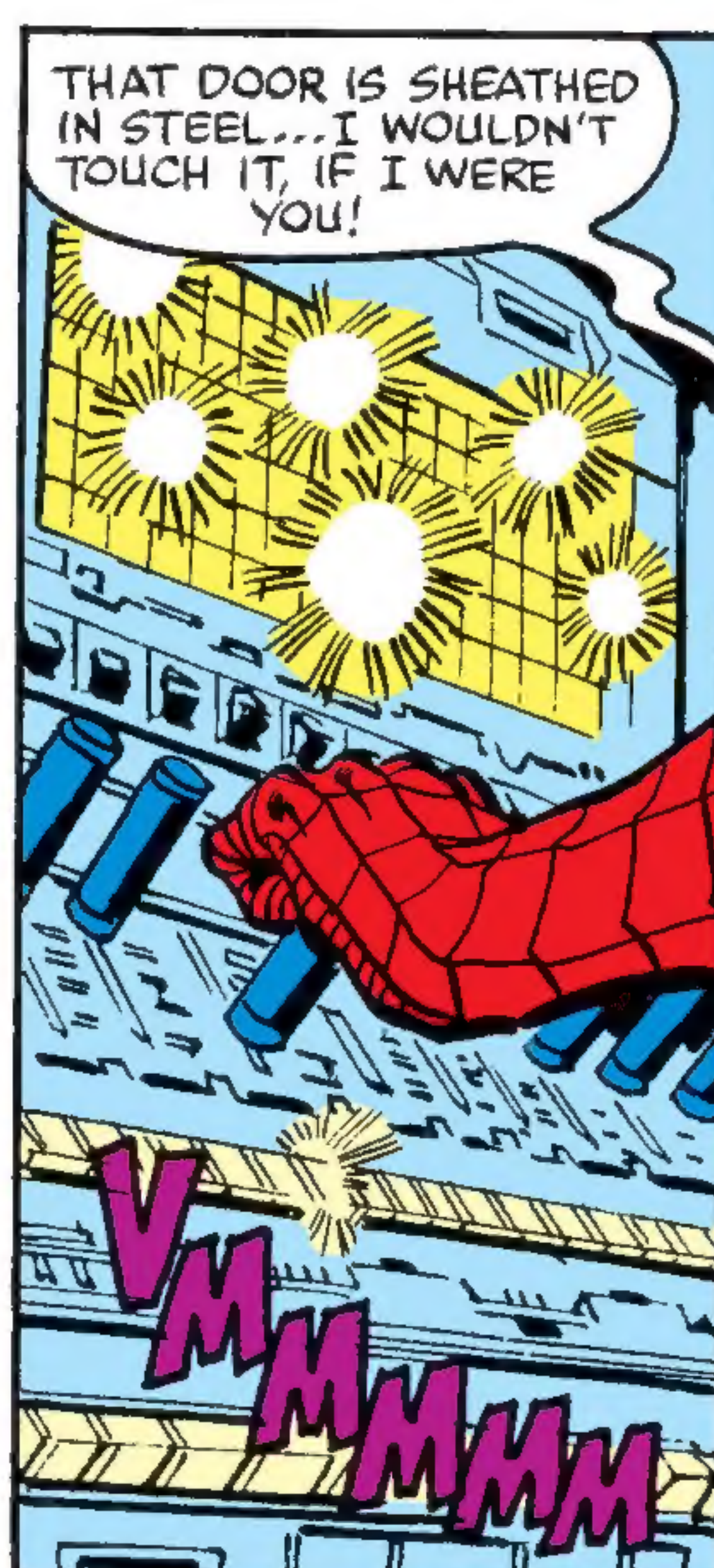
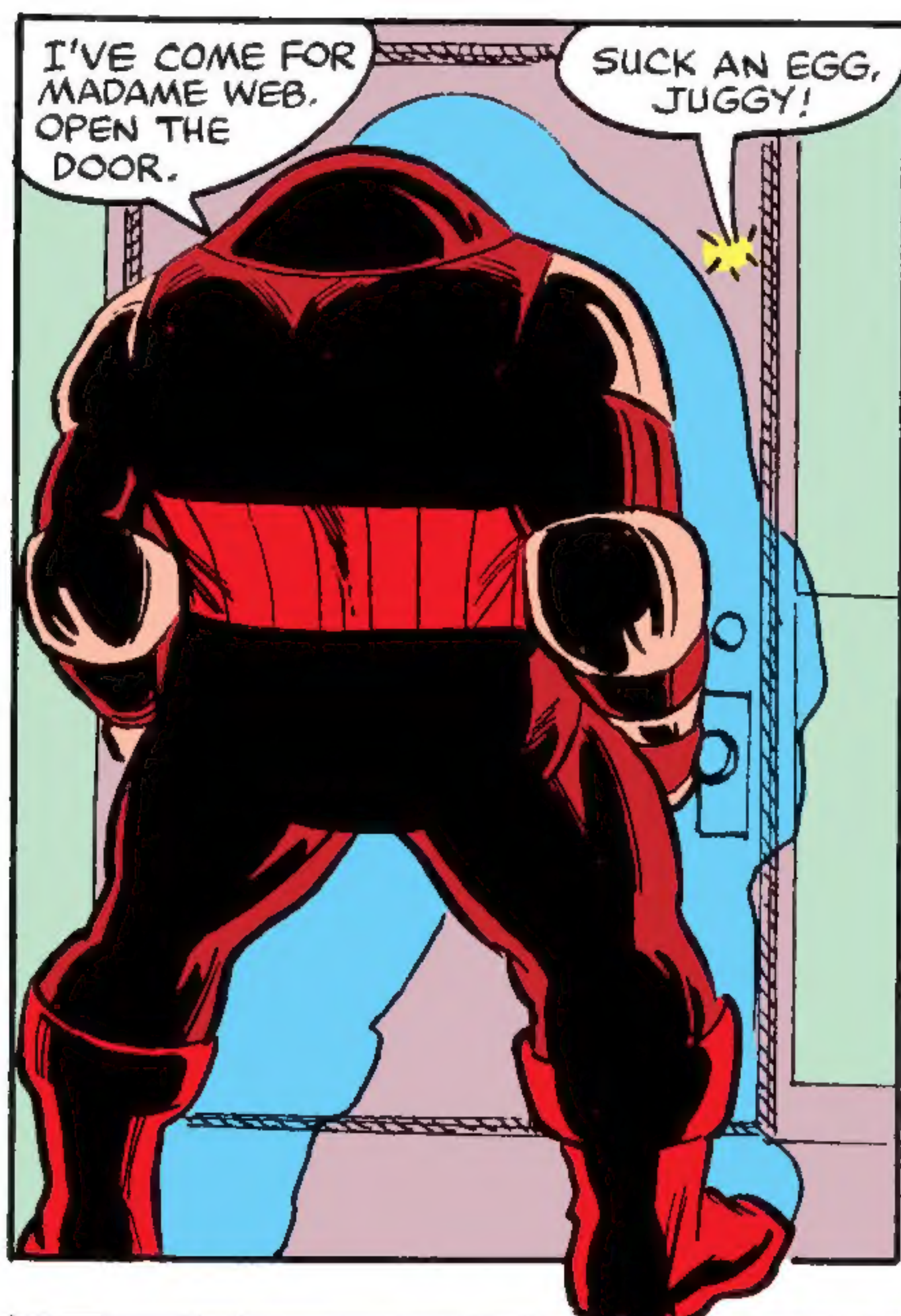
NOT THAT  
IT MATTERS  
MUCH!

SHRAK

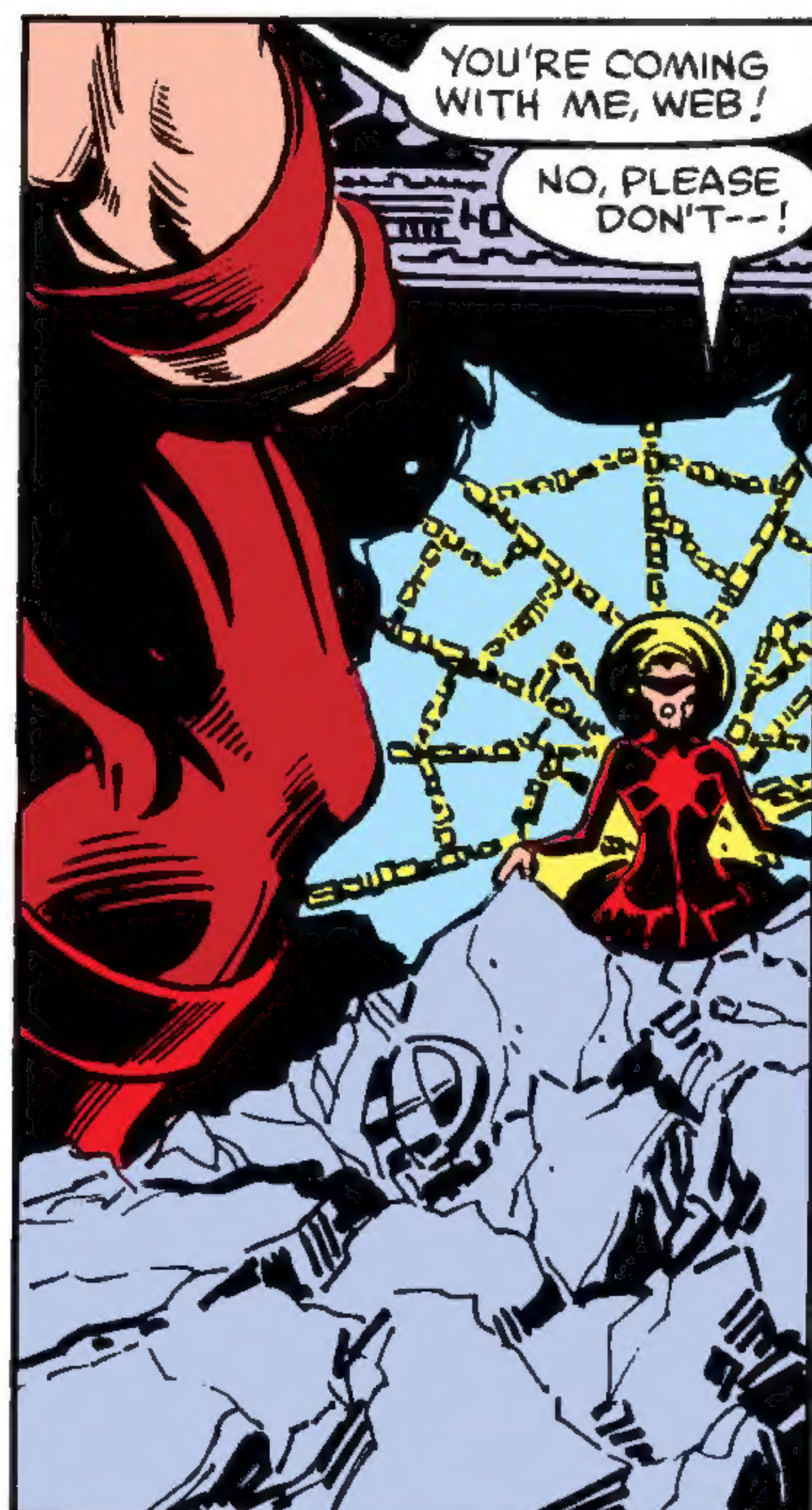
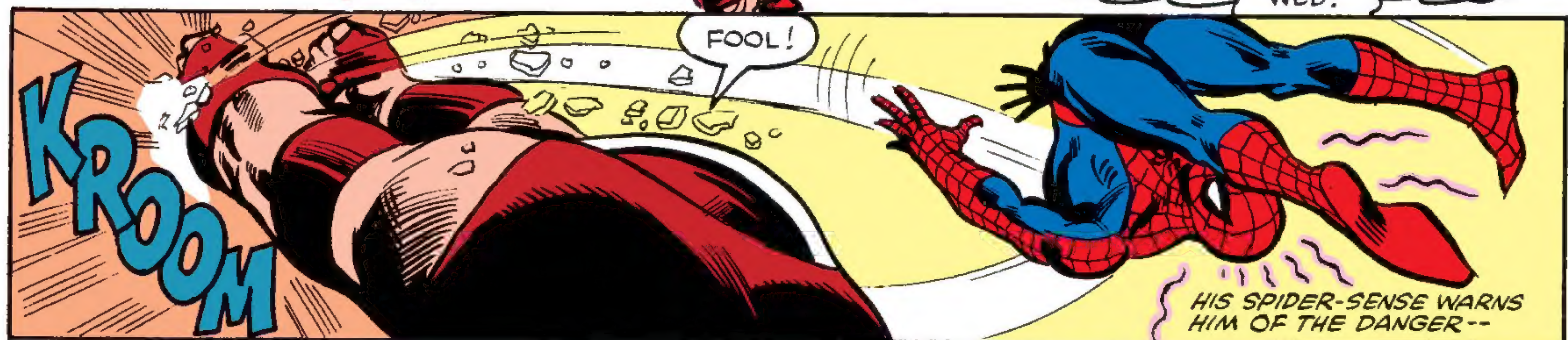
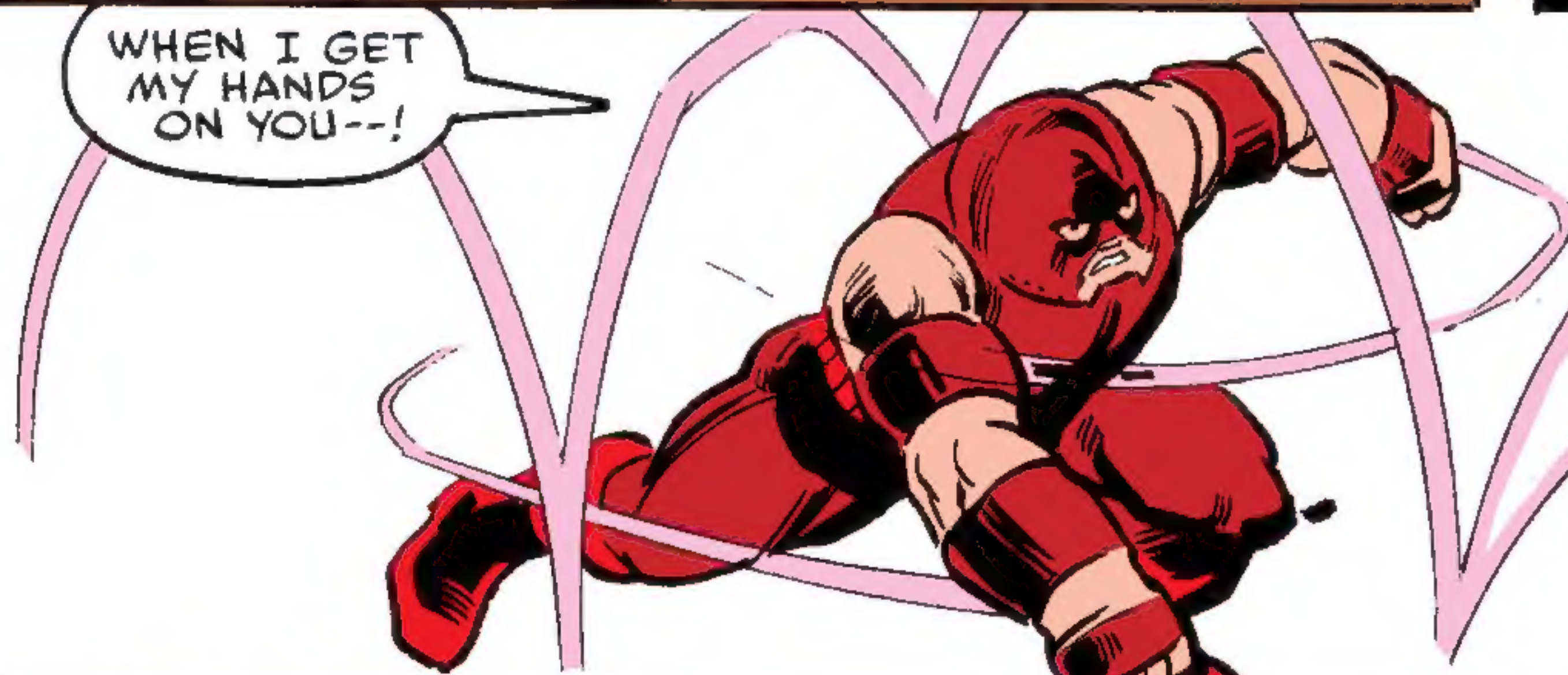
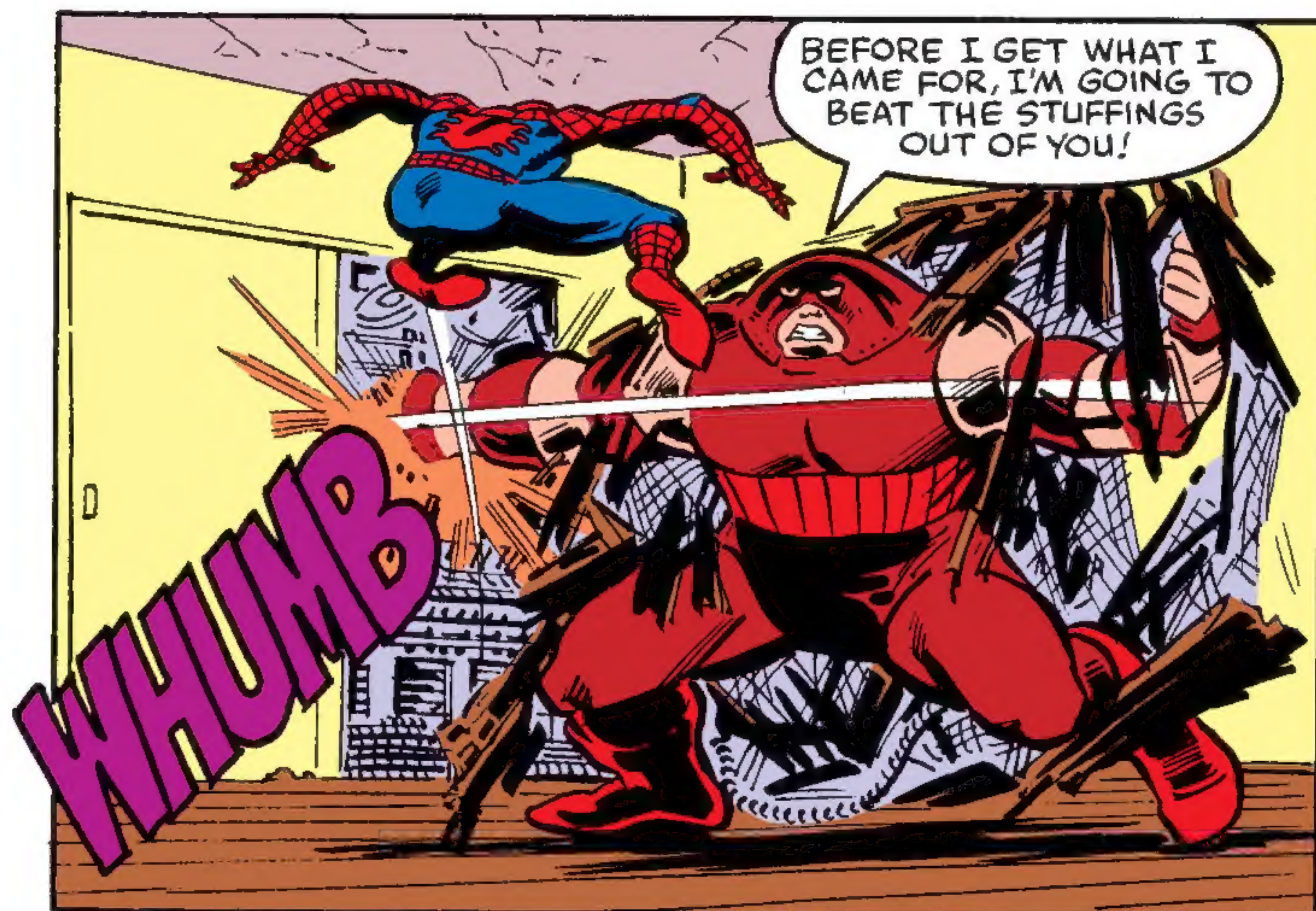
















WHAT'S WRONG?  
YOU HAVING SOME  
SORT OF FIT?

YOU BIG, DUMB  
JERK! SHE'S GOING  
INTO CONVULSIONS!



THAT CHAIR YOU  
YANKED HER OUT OF  
WAS A LIFE SUPPORT  
SYSTEM!

IF YOU MOVE  
HER... SHE DIES!



DIES ?



THEN I  
CAME ALL  
THIS WAY  
FOR  
NOTHING.



SHE'S OF  
NO USE TO  
ME THIS  
WAY!

WAIT! YOU  
CAN'T JUST--!



WHY, THAT CALLOUS @xx!☆!!  
UNNGH! MY BRUISES  
MUST HAVE BRUISES--



--BUT I HAVE TO PUT  
THE PAIN OUT OF MY  
HEAD! HAVE TO KEEP  
HER GOING WITH  
MOUTH-TO-MOUTH  
RESUSCITATION--



"--UNTIL  
HELP  
ARRIVES!"

GET AN  
AMBULANCE!  
PUFF  
HURRY!



